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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BROWN FOR OPENING SCENE OF "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

More Power To It

ON the basis of statistics gathered in eighty-two of the larger cities of the country, the American Library Association estimates that there has been thirty-four and a half percent less expenditure for library books in 1933 than in 1932. This decrease has in most instances followed upon reduced purchases in the preceding depression year or years, and has been paralleled by a striking increase in the number of borrowers during the same period. The Chicago Public Library, to take the most startling example, has bought no books for two years because of its reduced budget resulting from tax delinquencies; in 1932 it loaned a record high of 15,000,000 books. According to the library "approximately thirty-eight percent of the books wanted in the main reference room cannot be supplied, and the book collection is being depleted at the rate of 100,000 a year." Similar conditions in varying degree are being repeated from one end of the land to the other. And this at a time when the demand for books, especially informative books, is unprecedentedly high. This at a time when more than ever before the library holds the opportunity of serving the civic good.

To urge the importance of the library as a factor in social betterment is, of course, as unnecessary as to plead that bread is a benefit to the hungry. But today, when thousands hunger for bread, and when people in constantly greater numbers are thrown upon their own courage as the only resource against despair, the library, "the depression college," as the librarians of Providence, R. I., have called it, has more than ever an imperative claim to its fullest potentialities. For here is manna for the starving in spirit, occupation for the idle, the means to possible self-advancement for the unfortunate whom lack of work denies the advantage of practical experience. That the public so regards it is evidenced by the fact that not only has reading increased throughout the country during the years of depression but that library statistics show that serious reading has made gains over lighter reading. A world caught in the tragic aftermath of an era of unbridled speculation, is evidently eager to derive what leading it can from the theories of economists and publicists, what light and direc-

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A Full-Blooded World

ANTHONY ADVERSE. By HERVEY ALLEN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE reader who plunges into the multitudinous pages of "Anthony Adverse" bids farewell to the trials and tribulations of proletarian fiction and to the horrors of a fashionable neo-Gothic realism, and enters the full-bodied, full-blooded world of the romantic historical novel. If he is one of those who believe that the excellence of literature can be measured only by its concern with and its attitude towards the class struggle, he will not proceed very far; but if he is capable of enjoying a picaresque yarn for the yarn's sake, and of appreciating a vigorous, vivid, and convincing reconstruction of times past, based apparently upon a wealth of knowledge and imaginative sympathy, he will enjoy himself long and thoroughly.

It is a commonplace of criticism that the historical novel, as a genre, is to be viewed with suspicion, and many are the arbiters of literature who have approached it with conspicuous condescension. Many of the arguments which have been advanced against the genre smack of a certain innocence. The chief argument is that the historical novel is not, and cannot, be true. Or, as the late Professor Brander Matthews said: "The historical novel cannot help being what the French call *voulu*—a word that denotes both effort and artificiality."

My own guess is that an historical novel or a novel of contemporary life should be submitted to certain definite questions. Is it convincing? Is it artistically satisfactory? Does it fulfil the requirements of its own esthetic, which every genuine work of art creates for itself? Whether the author draws his matter from the present or the past is immaterial, so long as we are concerned with fiction. Indeed the very word fiction is a guarantee of a certain license. A contemporary novel which does not extend our experience of life is valueless; an historical novel, whatever its inaccuracies, which awakens our imagination to a lively sense of past events and vanished people must be of value. It provides an enrichment of experience; and this, I think, rather than a criticism of life, is the true and enduring function of literature.

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*The Terrier and the Rat**

By BASIL DAVENPORT

THERE can be no need, for readers of *The Saturday Review*, to enlarge upon the uniqueness of Professor Housman's place in literature, to comment again upon the unexampled phenomenon of those two perfect books of poems, appearing almost a generation apart, or to repeat once more that brief stoic preface to the "Last Poems," which is to some of us the most thrilling prose ever written by a poet, not even excepting the preface to "Adonais." There can be no need to recall these things; but they must be borne in mind, in any consideration of his new book, "The Name and Nature of Poetry," delivered at Cambridge as the Leslie Stephen Lecture. It is in a sense disappointing, if only because one expects so much from him; but it is in its way his "One Word More"—the book in which he, who in his writing has expressed the most poignantly personal emotion only under the protection of a half-dramatic assumed personality, and who in his life has become a legend for unapproachability, now speaks, a very little, almost with intimacy. And his lecture shows many of the same qualities that appear in his poetry, especially the peculiar fusion of romantic intensity and classic restraint which is shown in the very form of his verse, with its inheritance both from the ballad and the epigram.

Professor Housman's essential position is the extreme romantic one, in the tradition of Coleridge and De Quincey, that one cannot define poetry, but one can (if one has the proper sense, which is a rare one) know it when one sees it; and he declares further that whatever poetry is, it is entirely non-intellectual, and has nothing to do with the meaning of what it says. To illustrate his first point he gives examples of verse which is poetry, and verse which is not; and to support the second, he cites the same verse of the forty-ninth psalm as it appears in the Prayer Book and in the Bible, giving his testimony that the former, "But no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him," "is to me poetry so moving that I can hardly keep my voice steady in reading it," while the latter, "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him," "I can read without emotion." And he adds a few tests by which he himself knows that he is in the presence of poetry: "I replied that I could no more define poetry than a terrier can define a rat, but that I thought we both recognized the object by the symptoms which it provokes in us." One of these, he says, is a bristling of the hair, accompanied by a shiver down the spine; another is a constriction of the throat and a precipitation of water to the eyes; and a third is a sensation as of a spear going through the pit of the stomach.

This, like all good romantic criticism, is exciting; but it is hard to make useful. The virtue of romantic criticism is that it will meet a masterpiece of a new kind upon its own ground, instead of misjudging it by the standards of other types; its fault is that it precludes all intelligent disagreement or real agreement; it will allow only similarity or difference of taste.

I have long regarded Emily Dickinson with respectful envy for the accuracy with which the top of her head appeared to come off, or a chill to sweep over her, in the presence of real poetry and nothing else. I have often enough felt that *frisson*, but what I call my taste tells me that, like Grimm's Lad Who Did Not Know What Shuddering Was, I frequently shudder at trivial poetic stimuli, and fail to do so at important ones. So with these symptoms of Professor Housman's, I have compared experiences with a number of my friends, and we all find that we are more likely to feel them at Field's "Little Boy Blue," or at "common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose," than at works which we enjoy much more deeply.

There is, of course, more to the question than that; and though Professor Housman will not tell us so, he will let us find it out. Part of the remaining secret he merely hints at in his lecture, telling us at the beginning, as what he calls his only qualification for giving it, "all my life long the best literature of several languages has been my favorite recreation"—and particularly, one may venture to guess, that of Greece. Certainly one can tell by his writings he has made the poetry of Greece a part of his mind as no other writer now alive has done; so much so that he is able to incorporate in his own "Epithalamium" the best translation I know of Sappho's "*Espere, panta pheron*"; and in his "Far I hear the bugle blow" he has taken Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus and not translated but transmuted it, producing very Homer in purely English speech.

That is no doubt one part of the purity of his taste; and another part of the secret is that whether he admits it or not he uses his reason to judge verse. For whether or not he can use his mind to determine what is poetry, he unquestionably uses it in this lecture to determine what is not poetry, which goes some way toward doing the same thing.

He does so with brilliant effect, speaking out boldly with the voice of the century in

* THE NAME AND NATURE OF POETRY. By A. E. HOUSMAN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $1.

This Week

CORNFIELD
A poem by HELENE MAGARET

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER
By STELLA BENSON
Reviewed by Stanley Went

RECOVERY THROUGH REVOLUTION
Edited by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN
Reviewed by Benjamin Stolberg

PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE
By GEORGE R. GEIGER
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT
By STORM JAMESON
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THE BEST SHORT STORIES, 1933
Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN
Reviewed by Tess Slesinger

A DRAFT OF XXX CANTOS
By EZRA POUND
Reviewed by T. C. Wilson

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: X
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week, or Later

CHICAGO
A Review by BURTON RASCOE

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which he was born, and denying the name, in opposition to modern fashion, to the most characteristic verse of the eighteenth century, and to such modern writing as "does not resemble, in form or content, anything which has heretofore been so called." It is at first surprising to read his condemnation of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for it is in them that his rare predecessors are most to be found. Mr. Housman's own cast of feeling and expression are as nearly unique as may be; but it is in that period that one seems to hear them. Marvell, for instance, in the lines

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace

has his epigrammatic antithesis, his irony and understatement. And Samuel Johnson, in his "A Short Song of Congratulation," everywhere suggests him again:

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander;
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

which has exactly Mr. Housman's manner of throwing all the work on the essential noun and verb that another writer would give to an adjective.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander;
Let it wander as it will

—it has just the accent of

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover,
Breath's a ware that will not keep.

But these are of course not in the grand manner, not in the "correct and noble diction," upon which the eighteenth century particularly prided itself; it is this which Professor Housman attacks, in a manner which it is a joy to watch, with a humor which is no small part of his ability as a critic and even as a poet. For a sense of humor being (I think, in part) a sense of proportion, must be a valuable property of the critic, and if it prevents the poet from some fine excesses, it will save him [illegible] some which might be not so fine. Mr. [illegible]an's own sense of the ridiculous, [illegible]rse, not only inspires his glorious [illegible] "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy" (which contains such superb lines as "To this well-nightingaled vicinity"), but appears, though sometimes grimly, all through his work, and has saved him from a Byronism into which his bitter view of the world might otherwise have led him.

There is indeed a certain quality of bitterness, often to be found in the literature of other nations—Catullus's *"Caeli, Lesbia noster, Lesbia illa, illa Lesbia"* is one of the great examples—which is comparatively rare in English. Mr. Housman has it oftener than most English poets: the second stanza of "The fairies break their dances"—

The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay

has the same wry-mouthed disdain as the *Lesbia illa*, and in "The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers" has the same intensity in its curses on "Whatever brute and blackguard made the world." But oftener Mr. Housman will end such a poem in the dry, tight-smiling manner of

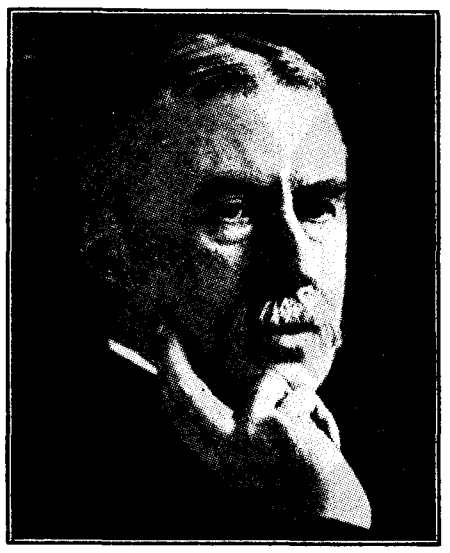
To think that two and two are four
And neither five nor three,
That heart of man has long been sore—
And long 'tis like to be.

That sardonic perception of the humor of one's own emotions is characteristically modern, one of the numerous ways in which Mr. Housman can be regarded as the first of the post-Victorians; it is the evident ancestor of such a recent stanza as Elinor Wylie's

As one by one our faiths are shaken,
Our hatreds fail: so mine for you.
—Of course, I think you were mistaken,
But still, I see your point of view.

But though in this explicit form it is one of the properties of our time as an underlying current of thought, it is characteristic of English literature. There is something remarkably British in Carlyle's remark "Gad, she'd better," when he was told that Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the universe; for the alternative, of defying the universe, has always appeared a little ludicrous to the Briton, although to the Frenchman or the Roman or the Greek it may well appear sublime.

And "The Name and Nature of Poetry" is written not only with humor but with good humor. It is written in the great English university tradition, which recognizes two things, one, that Shakespeare did not write textbooks, and two, that even the best of every season's novelists has not written Shakespeare; and that produces an intellectual climate in which it is pleasant to find oneself. Even within that warm tradition, the tone of this lecture is mellow, a surprising thing and a pleasant one to discover in its author. Many of the anecdotes of the thorny wit with which he is said to have scourged erring editors of Juvenal and adoring American pilgrims are no doubt apocryphal, though some are probably true; however, the number of such stories bears witness to their subject's reputation. The modern *poietai apoietai*, the poets whom he thinks are no poets, he does not name, nor even particularize their work; when he says of it that since it is not poetry it may be something better, and so we should not risk blaspheming against it by calling it by the old name, and adds that when the Children of Israel were given the bread of angels to eat in the wilderness, "they did not call it quails; they rose to the occasion, and called it manna," we recognize the old sardonic irony, but the sharpness is lost in the fun.



A. E. HOUSMAN
Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

In the main body of his lecture, he maintains that poetry is non-intellectual and cannot be defined, which so far as it goes is true enough, and then goes on to illustrate that what it is not can at any rate be ascertained by the intellect; and in the account of his method of working with which he concludes, he offers the same wilful half-truth, to which any one with sufficient perception may fit the other half.

> Having drunk a pint of beer at luncheon [he says]—beer is a sedative to the brain, and my afternoons are the least intellectual portion of my life—I would go out for a walk of two or three hours. As I went along, thinking of nothing in particular, only looking at things around me and following the progress of the seasons, there would flow into my mind, with sudden and unaccountable emotion, sometimes a line or two of verse, sometimes a whole stanza at once, accompanied, not preceded, by a vague notion of the poem which they were destined to form part of . . . When I got home I wrote them down, leaving gaps, and hoping that further inspiration might be forthcoming another day. Sometimes it was . . . but sometimes the poem had to be taken in hand and completed by the brain, which was apt to be a matter of trouble and anxiety, involving trial and disappointment, and sometimes ending in failure.

This does not sound unlikely in itself, but at first it comes as a shock to any one who cherishes in his memory that sentence from the preface to the "Last Poems": "At my age I can no longer expect to be visited by the almost continuous poetic excitement under which . . . I wrote the greater part of my previous book, nor could I well sustain it if it came."

But the two can, of course, and must be, reconciled. What that deceptively simple recipe for writing a perfect poem leaves out of account is the "continuous state of poetic excitement" of which he does not speak in his lecture, but which must have been there, boiling constantly under the crust of conscious thought, and ready to break out as soon as consciousness was relaxed. It is singularly characteristic of the synthesis of the romantic and the classic which is Mr. Housman's idiosyncrasy, that he would thus give that excitement its way during the afternoons, the least intellectual portion of his life. What he does not tell is what it was like to live in that state of poetic excitement which he could not now well sustain, and what caused it. He does not tell us; and he never will.

I am glad of that. I think that the poetry of the romantic revivalists is more thrilling to a schoolboy who reads and understands it in general terms, than to a college student who is furnished with the all too full details which the poets themselves supplied of the domestic difficulties which inspired them. And though we may presume that excitement implies an exciting cause, I am glad that we shall never know what the cause was which during a certain time filled the poet's mind with thoughts of hanging and suicide, of soldiers untimely shot and girls unfaithful to their dead sweethearts, and one or two more such themes that he was fain to think of, I believe, rather than of the thing itself. In that respect, at least, it may be said, he is with Shakespeare; no one can read the Sonnets or the "Shropshire Lad" without guessing at the tragedy, and no one will ever know what the tragedy was. It is true that as the poet of "A Shropshire Lad" grows older, he grows more indifferent to our knowledge or ignorance; in "A Shropshire Lad" he proudly conceals his wound; in "Last Poems" he still more proudly lets fall a hint or two, in "Hell Gate" and "When the eye of day is shut," for us to do what we like with.

But beyond that he will not go; he remains himself. And his latest book is, if not all one might have hoped (as a singularly tantalizing footnote on what he is *not* going to tell of his discoveries in metrics shows), it is what we might have expected. The only change is that the smile with which he faces the world is somewhat less tight-bitten. The heart-broken stoic of the poems has become an Epicurean, a figure, like Lucretius, scarcely more unbending, but happier. And if, as we may guess, we may think of him as enjoying now the best literature of several languages, and the noble beer of English universities, then we who owe to him some of the most intense pangs, whether of pleasure or pain it is hard to say, that poetry has given us, must be glad of that.

Cornfield

By HELENE MAGARET

MARCHING with dusty sunlight down the plain,
The wind impels a flock of hungry crows,
And folds the low smoke of a distant train
Over the flutter of a thousand rows
Of ripened corn. Clear green and purple green,
Half in the sun and half beneath a cloud,
Rising the stalks reveal the earth between,
And screen it when the singing corn is bowed;
While watching from an empty acre, shorn
To stubble-ground, I feel the strength of dust
Lifted to life in thin, untasseled corn,
And later, by uncompromising thrust,
Thrown back to earth in stalk and tassel, torn,
Profaned and eaten by corrupting rust.

Munchausen Reborn

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER. By STELLA BENSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE gifted author of "The Faraway Bride" has produced a curious volume (the Literary Guild's selection for July), in which the central character is an engaging and mendacious old rascal who bids fair to out-Baron Munchausen and out-Trader Horn. How far Miss Benson's own riotous imagination is responsible for the series of whimsicalities here gathered together, and how far they are actually based upon the writings of Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, K.M., "a very good-known men, who belong to one of the most distinguished aristocratic famelys of Europe," it is not for this or any other reviewer to say. Miss Benson's account of the business is that she came across this impoverished but indomitable old aristocrat in a free hospital in Hong Kong and entered into a writing partnership with him. The difficulties of the arrangement are reflected in the title, and her editing, she asserts, "consists largely in trying to out-shout my author with ideas of my own." " 'Pull Devil, Pull Baker' expresses, at any rate, the lack of team-work only too apparent in the making of this book. Where the Count pulls the load a step forward, I feel devilishly impelled to pull it a step back, and so—like all devils and bakers—lions and lambs — blacks and whites — Peters and Pauls—we cancel out each other's efforts; we get nowhere. Except that between us we have produced something that looks . . . like a book."

We give Miss Benson's explanation in her own words, having thrown up the sponge before the task of conveying to the reader, in a short review, some idea of what this book is all about. It consists in the main of a series of stories of incredible adventures in which the Count declares that he has played a part at one time or other in a highly checkered career. Miss Benson, as editor, reproduces the Count's highly individual English style. Take for example the following quotation from one of the "Love Stories" that seemed so "shoking" even to the Count himself that he labelled it a "Shemefull Story." It is the climax of the Count's amorous adventure in a railway train with "My Ant Ema," subsequently revealed as the brand-new wife of the hero's aged uncle:

STELLA BENSON

> This broght the funkel to the power [translated in a footnote as "the flame to the powder"]—the exploding of my loving forces—and by it my love success. The rach movement of the express train—the rifmatic noise of the reils of the carr—and the hott temper of the lady—all mixt in a crasy love experimence. Our lips pressed hard and lovly. . . ."

The editor explains that here she applies a merciful censorship to the "luscious detail" of the Count's manuscript!

Miss Benson's volume is uneven. It has to be taken as something tossed off in lighter moments that she has had a good time with. Accepting it thus, and taking the Count's extraordinary adventures in his stride, the reader will get out of it some real diversion.

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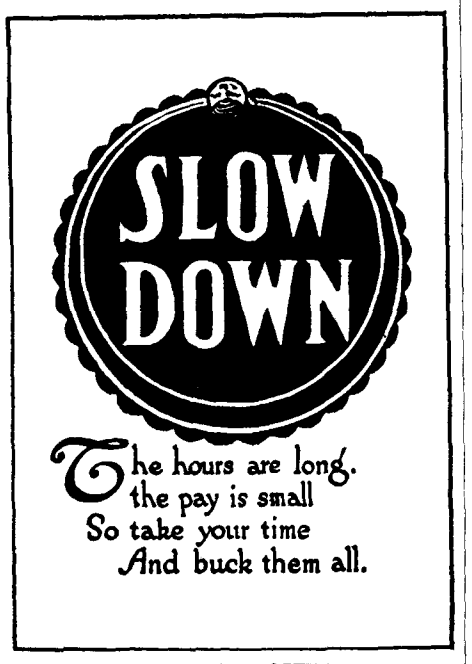
Social Surgery

RECOVERY THROUGH REVOLUTION. Edited by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN. New York: Covici-Friede. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE symposium is essentially a conference in print, an expression of our national cult of committee-thinking. Now, the function of a conference is to clarify opposing views, not for the sake of intellectual enlightenment as such, but in order to achieve practical reconciliation. Conferences, unless they be controlled by one will, are pragmatic, not creative, for the sufficient reason that creative thought is possible only to persons, not to groups. He thinks best who thinks alone. Hence all the symposia, which of late years have been flooding the book market, have been uniformly bad, at least those that have come to my attention. They have attempted to revaluate (surely a creative enterprise) America, or the problem of sex and marriage, or conflicting social theories. And yet they have chosen the one form of presentation which defeats philosophical integration. The symposium is bound to be cheapened by what one may call the literary version of Gresham's law. The worst essay spoils the best.



AN I. W. W. POSTER

Such has been my conviction, expressed in a number of reviews this last decade. But this volume on "Recovery through Revolution," edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen, has proven to me that the symposium may be the only, and hence the best, way of presenting a social and political travelogue around the world. In this case, the symposium is not a conference, but a series of lectures, which obviously could not be delivered competently by a single expert. Dr. Schmalhausen set himself the task to gather in one volume the inside story of the social politics in all the major and strategic countries. This task he fulfils extremely well, mainly because his uncompromising attitude kept him from inviting the kind of writer who approaches international politics in the hazy, goo-goo manner, a manner which is temperamentally incompetent to tell appositely the story of political and social greed, of the cynical dishonesty and monstrous mendacity which contributed to bring international society to its present sorry pass. The reader is spared the effusions of tolerant ministers and reformers of the Jerome Davis or Sherwood Eddy kind. Each one of the contributors is either a journalist of long residence in the country he describes, or a hard-headed professor who has gone in for journalism. They are all skeptically expert and hard-boiled enough to know that Dr. Eduard Benes is not a younger and male version of Jane Addams but a Czecho-Slovak politician hand in glove with the French imperialists. The result is that the average reader is apt to be a much wiser, at least a far shrewder, man when he returns from this social-political world tour, which takes him through essays on the real state of affairs on four continents.

This being a symposium, some of the essays are largely philosophical, revolutionary guideposts through the mazes of international politics. Professor Robert Morss Lovett's introductory essay is on "The Idea of Revolution." G. D. H. Cole writes on "The Débâcle of Capitalism," Lewis Corey on "Revolutions: Old and New," Walter N. Polakov on "The Engineer Surveys Revolution," and the editor on "Communism Versus Fascism." I pass by these generalizing essays to comment at least fugitively on what Ludwig Lore has to say on the aftermath of the Hitler counter-revolution, on what Salvemini thinks of Italian Fascism, John Gunther of the Danubian mess, Harold Laski of the cross-currents in England, H. N. Brailsford of India, Carleton Beals of the Calles reaction in Mexico, Maximilian Olay of the swings to the right and left in Spain, Max Nomad of Poland, etc.

Louis Fischer gives a skilful digest of the internal trends and achievements in Soviet Russia, but neglects to deal sufficiently with Bolshevik foreign policy, which is now largely nationalistic and partly responsible for Hitler's advent to power. Professor Laski, it seems to me, writes too much an essay in political and economic theory, evaluating communism versus socialism. It would have been far more interesting had he shown us, as only he can, the methods of the Baldwin dictatorship behind the windbag MacDonald. John Gunther uses somewhat too light and smart a touch and covers too much ground. He fails to bring out with sufficient clarity the machinations of French imperialism in the Little Entente, and he tells nothing of the incredible White Terror in Jugo-Slavia. Ludwig Lore's mastery of the German situation is sure, but now and then he mars his analysis of Hitler's rise to power by such observations as that Schleicher fell because he was too friendly with the trade unions. Even more intimate is Salvemini's knowledge of every phase of Italian fascism, but his old-fashioned liberalism rather leaves his prognosis hanging in the air. Mr. Olay's belief that Spain may some day soon become an anarchist republic seems to me naive. But the only real jarring note in the symposium is Mr. Schoonmaker's inept and confusing discussion of French social politics.

The most illuminating articles are Max Nomad's sly and brilliant analysis of the absurd but dangerous Pilsudski dictatorship, Carleton Beals's discussion of the liberal-capitalist dictatorship of Calles, and the essays on Japan and China. Brailsford on India is, as he always is, at once intelligent and vague. His admiration for the "saintly" Gandhi is rather silly. To Arnold Roller one feels grateful for a clear explanation of the whirlwind rebellions throughout South America.

Robert Briffault's final essay on "The Human Mind in Revolution" is a psychological analysis of the "intellectual, moral, and social degradation" of the "Bourgeois Dictatorship." I have seldom read anything so powerful in sheer Swiftian bitterness, so integral in brilliant indictment.

ANOTHER I. W. W. POSTER
From H. U. Faulkner's "The Quest for Social Justice" (Macmillan)

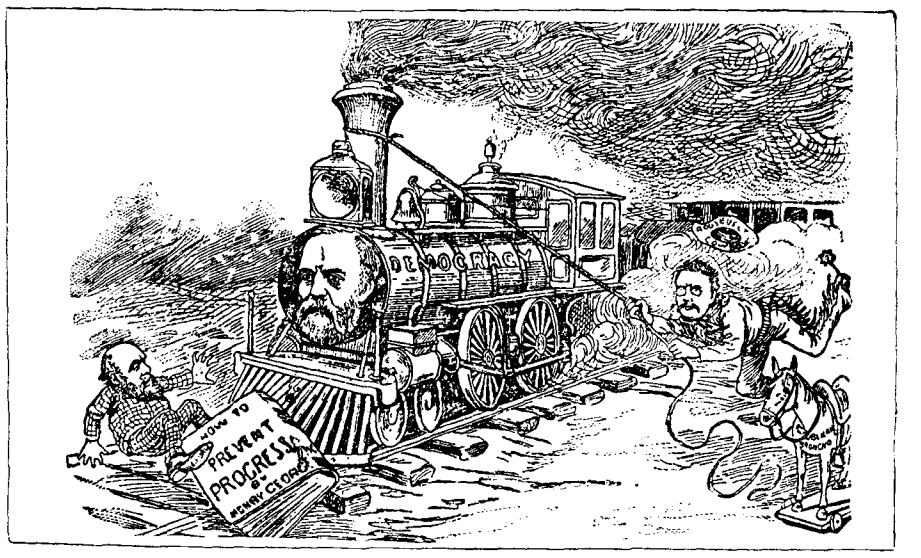
Benjamin Stolberg, an authority on labor movements throughout the world, recently contributed a weekly column on books to The New York Evening Post.

The Portent of Henry George

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE. By GEORGE R. GEIGER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN George Bernard Shaw visited this country last Winter, part of his rather elaborate attempt to *épater le bourgeois* consisted of a tribute to Henry George, the American who, in the yeasty mid-'eighties, had stimulated him to think on economic subjects. Shaw, after the manner of a good many Englishmen of the Hyndman period, quickly passed beyond George and into socialism (as Clarence Darrow would have done in this country had he not been by temperament a complete skeptic), but it was "Progress and Poverty" that had been the original catalytic agent. Henry George was, of course, no socialist, as Mr. Geiger proves in his thorough and sometimes absorbing book about the whole Single Tax movement; but the flaming Georgian attack upon the evils of landlordism, couched in the persuasive terms of "Progress and Poverty," seemed, at the moment, to be a revolutionary challenge to a system of society that would permit extremes of wealth to exist side by side with the slums of Liverpool. Today, in the light of subsequent history, it is easy to see why Shaw saw in George a real revolutionary portent. It is also fairly easy to determine why so many gave up George for socialism.



A PLAIN STORY OF THE POLITICAL PLAINS (The cowboy Roosevelt is lassoing the "Democracy," with Abram Hewitt at its head. Henry George is blocking the track with his "How to Prevent Progress." Cartoon from a New York *World* of October, 1886, reproduced here from Albert Shaw's "Cartoon History of Theodore Roosevelt.")

The great virtue of George, as Mr. Geiger brings out, was his attempt to portray the economic picture whole. "Progress and Poverty" not only restated the inflexible Ricardo "law of rent" so that he who ran might read, but it also showed why wages concomitantly remained at a minimum. The Ricardo law states that rent is equivalent to the amount of wealth produced on a given piece of property over and above that which can be produced on a like amount of land at the lowest margin of cultivation. Human nature being what it is, wages, under the Georgian analysis, tended to stay at a minimum, while the landlords ate up any increase in value by charging higher and higher rents for the use of their property as society grew.

Mr. Geiger reviews, in a compendious and admirable way, the great battles that were waged over Henry George and his proposal that increased social values in land should be taxed away by the government for the benefit of all. He describes the ethical basis of George's system, a basis derived from the eighteenth century doctrine of "natural rights." Like Rousseau, George believed the earth belonged to all men, but to no particular man, while the finished product of labor, on the other hand, should accrue, granting George's first principles, to the particular fashioner thereof. George, like the Marxians, had a labor theory of value. This, of course, is a purely "moral" assumption, and the statistical economists of the modern age will have none of it. These statistical economists hold to a percentage, or "exchange," theory of value.

The chapter on Henry George biography is extremely interesting. George ran for Mayor of New York twice, once in the 'eighties (he got more votes than the Republican candidate, young Theodore Roosevelt, and lost by a narrow enough margin to Abram Hewitt, the combined Tammany and County Democracy choice), and again in the 'nineties, dying in the midst of this last campaign. The chapter on "Background and Originality" disposes of the contention that George stole his thunder from Patrick Edward Dove, who reached Single Tax conclusions in England before George had elaborated his system in "Progress and Poverty." The section on "George's Influence" shows to what extent the permeation of "Progress and Poverty" reached before the World War and the Russian Revolution marked the recession of the Single Tax tide. It might seem rather strange at first blush that the present depression, so fertile a breeding ground for economic 'isms, has not resulted in recrudescence of the Single Tax ideas. But, as one reads these pages, it is not hard to see why the present day Single Taxers are now a forlorn remnant of a once respectable movement. The development of the mortgage system, which, in turn, is tied in with the development of insurance companies and the investment structure as a whole, has more and more made a whole revolution necessary, if one once admits the desirability of liquidating our system of permitting owners of land and natural resources to charge all the traffic will bear. The Single Tax, instituted today, would strike at the whole bourgeoisie, or such of it as has its funds invested in insurance policies, in mortgage bonds, or merely tucked away in savings banks. Shaw, we must conclude, was logically right in passing on to socialism, for socialists at least realized they had a revolution on their hands. This does not, however, mitigate the value of "Progress and Poverty" as a great contribution to economic literature. Nor does it mitigate the value of Mr. Geiger's book.

Breaking Clay Feet

NATIONAL IDEALS AND INTERNATIONALIST IDOLS. By WALLACE B. DONHAM. Reprinted from the Harvard Business Review by The Chemical Foundation, Inc. 1933.

WALLACE B. DONHAM, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, is no radical, but his analyses of Sir Arthur Salter and other writers on "planning" read surprisingly like the analyses offered from the Left by John Strachey and Fred Henderson, and from the Little America camp of Lawrence Dennis. As Dean Donham sees it, our popular economists are trying to ride two horses at once: they want internal action to push price levels up, and international action — such as lowered tariffs — that might push price levels down. Dean Donham believes in taking care of first things first, i.e., he is for a strictly economic nationalism that is far removed from Hitlerism in its temperate expression.

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War on War

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. By STORM JAMESON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.35 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is a profoundly moving book, a passionate book, though written in the fulness of contemplative retrospection, a book notable for its candor, its fearlessness, and its poignance. Miss Jameson is of that generation in England which was coming to maturity during the years of the war, which grew up in the shadow of Victorian certainties, and found itself arrived at achievement in a world of chaotic perplexity. She is of a generation which was stripped "of its leaves and its branches, leaving the bare stem maimed." Of them she writes:

> It is in nature that some of us show fewer marks than others. Between those who seem to have put their memories of the war to sleep and those incurable in mind or body that, now as I write, lie in hospitals, are all sorts and degrees. The injury is there, deep-seated—showing itself in that tiredness for no reason, the readiness to drop what seemed at first touch important, the drying-up of vitality, the lack, less clear, of resilience and warmth. . . .

STORM JAMESON

Hers was a generation betrayed of its hopes. For in 1913, when Miss Jameson and her friends were still in college, they believed themselves on the threshold of a new era. They had an exultant sense of a society sweeping forward to new well-being, a quickened belief in the brotherhood of man, an excited interest in the new literature, the new art, all that represented a breaking away from the narrowness of the Victorian code. They yearned to attack life. The war caught them in a mood to believe the "superb sentiments" on which the leaders of government rationalized its slaughter, and peace only slowly disabused them of their confidence that the conflict was a "war to end war." Miss Jameson writes in a white heat of passion at the collapse of their hopes.

A writer, whose books have before this shown her to be a graceful craftsman and a thoughtful novelist, she has carried over into this autobiography an emotional drive which her novels have never attained. Less a factual record than a confession of faith, it is written with a felicity of expression which under stress of feeling at times rises to eloquence and with a sincerity which everywhere lends dignity to its intensity. Its earlier sections, in which she sketches her childhood in the seaport town of Whitby, and describes her college days and the associates who were fed into the maw of war are less emotionally freighted than the later sections, but they have a compelling urgency of their own. After 1914, Miss Jameson says, the story of her life ends; thenceforward her narrative is an exposition of opinions, scattered reflections on writing (which she quite frankly does not like much, only pursues as a means of livelihood, and in the beginning took up to satisfy ambition), on reading, on religion and the preachers, on material success, and always, and with insistent ardor, on war.

There is an integrity to Miss Jameson's emotion, a passionate preoccupation with her thesis, that will not be denied. It is impossible to read her words and not be moved by her indignation and her fear. She strikes at all who may cherish a lingering belief that war is good, or necessary, or anything but evil. She "gave" her brother to the war. And now she writes:

> I feel bitter anger against women who accept war. I wonder that it has taken me so many thousands of years to realize that war is not more an historical necessity than witch-burning. We have outgrown one, and could, if so minded, outgrow the other. It is not past our cooler intellect to devise a social order which does not require war as a solvent. The will only is lacking—in those who have most use for wars as having least to do with fighting them. No doubt against these and against their conscious and unconscious wills I am as helpless as any other common man or woman. But I can assert my individual will. And so I do. If this country, I say, is got into another Great War I shall take every means in my power to keep my son out of it. I shall tell him that it is nastier and more shameful to volunteer for gas-bombing than to run from it or to volunteer in the other desperate army of protestants. I shall tell him also that war is not worth its cost, nor is victory worth the cost.

Here is a woman possessed of the courage of her convictions.

Where Dial Meets Post

THE BEST SHORT STORIES, 1933. By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by TESS SLESINGER

IN his preface to the 1933 anthology, Mr. O'Brien remarks that whereas pre-Sherwood Anderson short story writers were concerned largely with plot and a certain machine-made formalism, the newer writers place their emphasis on character. This statement has been true since 1925, at the very least. But to it should be added that the better of the newer writers are striving for something beyond mere character "development"; for many of the characters not only rise above traditional types but also in a sense sink back into them, so that they are at once separate people and people belonging to a definite and recognizable background. Scarcely a story here given contains characters just irresponsibly "growed"; one can place each in some one of a varied number of American environments and in many instances it would not be a difficult job pretty accurately to compute their incomes.

A further welcome development (speaking of the majority of the stories) is a swing-back to a compromise position on the much-mooted subject of plot. The best of these stories do not cling to an obvious pattern; but neither do they ramble without point or shape so that it seems a matter of indifference with just which row of dots they end. These stories are for the most part carefully chiselled, rapid enough to make good reading, logically developed, and properly, often climactically, ended. Happily the tenets of *The Saturday Evening Post* and of the old *Dial* are beginning to meet; the highbrows have begun the discovery that even serious subject matter can be rendered readable.

The selection is catholic enough so that every literate American should find a good half of the twenty-nine stories interesting, and perhaps half a dozen his own particular brand. I would select for my own six those by Bessie, Cantwell, Flandrau, Halper, Porter, and Steele, not one of whom has anything in common with any other contributor. Alvah Bessie's story is a particularly delicate portrayal of the ambivalence of a husband toward his wife. Cantwell's "The Land of Plenty" describes the wretched first day at work of a girl "helper" so paraylzed with fear of losing her job in the factory that she constantly endangers her own life; the story concludes with the impotent rage of the man who tried all day to help her, his impotence in that situation clearly paralleling his status in life—the thesis is clear, the story appallingly touching, and all without a superfluous word on the part of the author. Katherine Anne Porter's rather long story succeeds in being superlatively charming and at the same time both real and moving, a rare combination. And finally "How Beautiful with Shoes" reveals Wilbur Daniel Steele at his top best so far as I am concerned. The story is that of an escaped "loony" bent on killing girls in insane revenge for one who apparently two-timed him in his youth; his insanity is a vivid symphony of religious ecstasy and poetic fantasy, underlaid with a valid psychological motivation.

* *

Tess Slesinger is the author of numerous short stories which have appeared in the magazines.

A Full-Blooded World

(*Continued from first page*)

Faced with such questions as those I have posited, "Anthony Adverse" scores at every point. Hervey Allen, who is a poet and possessed of a poet's imagination, is completely convincing in his evocation of milieux which he can never have known at first hand. Reading his novel, one would believe that he had lived in Leghorn when the little corporal crossed the Alps promising his troops clothing and sound shoe leather; that he had been privy to the policy of a slave factory on the African coast in the last years of the eighteenth century; and that he had sat in conference with Ouvrard when that harrassed financier was busy proving that an army marches more comfortably on established credit than on its stomach. His knowledge of the past of which he writes seems complete, and whether complete or not it is thoroughly satisfying to a reader who refuses to admit a peculiar ignorance of history. So, too, are his characters convincing, and also the pattern of his story; although he seems to have rushed himself a little towards the end. But he must forgive a reviewer for not attempting a synopsis of that story when he remembers that his own syllabus of the same five hundred thousand word novel, printed for friends of the author and the publisher, filled sixteen rather large printed pages.

If my knowledge of American fiction were more thorough than it is, I would say bluntly that "Anthony Adverse" is the best historical novel that this country has produced. Pleading possible ignorance, I am almost certain that it is the best, and quite sure that it is the most ambitious.

HERVEY ALLEN
From a medal by Theodore Spicer-Simson

More Power To It

(*Continued from first page*)

tion it can from history and biography, what solace it can from philosophy and religion. It is books in these fields which are being drawn in growing numbers from libraries throughout the country, books of this sort which the libraries cannot afford to buy in sufficient numbers to meet the demand.

What deplorable shortsightedness on the part of budget makers to cut down on funds for the making of enlightened citizenship! The time to strike is when the iron is hot. Now when millions of men and women are open to the influences of the library, is the time to equip the library to take its place as one of the leading factors in the education of the masses. The fat times of prosperity are wont to be heedless times. It is in the lean years that sentiment and theory begin to boil and sputter. Then it is that a nation needs every resource at its command to combat despair, bolster up morale, and turn discontent to constructive reform. It is of immediate concern to every man, woman, and child in the United States that the library be able to function at maximum efficiency, and it ought to be everyone's business to see that it can do so.

Books in the News

TEACHERS COLLEGE, Columbia University, has hatched another addled egg, contemplation of which we commend to Dr. Abraham Flexner, whose "Universities: American, English, German" (Oxford Univ. Press) has evidently failed to reform the geese. According to the newspapers, Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, one of those redoubtable professors of "education," has deposited in the hands of Rexford G. Tugwell of the "brain trust" a proposal that the schools of America be indoctrinated with the necessity of "backing up the president" in times of great sociological changes. Dr. Briggs—who is a member of that Teachers College faculty which annually sends a number of ardent young men back to the cultural sticks with a knowledge of the technique of teaching, but with no particular knowledge of anything to teach—deplores the "neutral attitude." It is horrifying for this latter-day pragmatist to consider that "a teacher is in constant danger . . . of leaving pupils with no definite convictions regarding matters on which they should shortly as citizens take a positive stand in one way or another."

All of which is sheer nonsense, as any reader of Frederick E. Lumley's compendious "The Propaganda Menace" (published recently by Century) will realize. For who is to judge the worth of administrative objectives? They may have nothing to do with "immutable principles." Indeed, who can determine them from day to day? With Cordell Hull talking about the benefits to be derived from a return to a free traders' paradise, with Raymond Moley blossoming out contrariwise as one of the first "intra-nationalists," with Bernard Baruch, a deflationist and gold standard devotee advising a government ostensibly committed to inflation *via* going off the gold standard, with day-to-day policy shifting and veering to meet shifts and veerings abroad, with business men regarding the Industrial Recovery Act with both gloomy eyes and gay (depending, of course, on whether they expect to profit by it or lose their individualist souls), the schoolmaster who could fathom the "correct" propaganda for callow minds would necessarily qualify as a combination of Evangeline Adams, W. Glenn Voliva, Jehovah, and the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. In which case, of course, he could make millions in Wall Street as a stock tipster, a career that would inevitably seem preferable to shooting the young idea full of propaganda hop.

Teachers College, it would seem, is the mother of all ingenuousness. Consider the school child, loyally conditioned through four years by the Hoover Corps of Pedantry to support the Hoover policies. He takes his high school diploma, all set to go forth and advocate two cars for every garage. But a Roosevelt is suddenly in office. The biased child is filled with bewilderment when he finds all his stereotypes outraged, his positive stand in opposition to the new presidential incum-

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bent. How much better to have taught the child the art of seeing implications!

Dr. Briggs's conception of statecraft is very much like Dr. Harold Rugg's proposal of "democratic control" through "creating supporting opinion" for the economico-political designs of the minority "best minds." Dr. Rugg is also of Teachers College. (His book, "The Great Technology," is published by John Day.) It is sheer sophistry, as Lawrence Dennis has recently suggested in these pages, to couple this sort of proposal with the adjective "democratic." If Dr. Briggs and Dr. Rugg contemplate a dictatorship to enforce continued indoctrination of the young in one direction, let them say so. But let them make no pretenses. The root problem is this: is it fear of the Lord, or is it skepticism, that is the beginning of wisdom? And is Teachers College the Lord?

Rhythm and Phrase

A DRAFT OF XXX CANTOS. By EZRA POUND. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. C. WILSON

IN contrast with most contemporary verse Ezra Pound's poetry assumes an increasing significance with the passing of time. Many of the figures who were loudly acclaimed as geniuses during our "literary Renaissance" are today mere names, but Pound's solid virtues remain. They are virtues that only a poet of the most exacting sincerity and tireless devotion to his art can acquire. They represent in Pound a lifetime spent in the service of poetry, a lifetime of study and continuous striving toward perfection. Other poets have been unwilling to make the effort or have preferred the praise of the moment. Pound has brought to his art a high talent and a full realization of the responsibilities of his position. The result, particularly in his long work, "A Draft of XXX Cantos," is a poetry as distinguished as any written in this century.

The volume "Personæ: Collected Poems" (1926), contains all of Pound's verse which he cares to preserve, except the unfinished "Cantos." One of the valuable things about this volume is that it enables us to observe the poet's work as a whole, the variety of subject matter and range of experience the poems embrace, and the steady growth from the charming lyricist of the early poems to the mature artist of "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley." Also, it represents the work of a man of the highest integrity—a man who would regard it as disgraceful to repeat his earlier successes, who stands independent of the fashion, and who, in solving his own artistic problems, attains that poise and isolation from the frivolous preoccupations of his contemporaries spoken of in the Cantos:

> Anyone can run to excesses,
> It is easy to shoot past the mark,
> It is hard to stand firm in the middle.

Pound possesses a mind of the widest interest. He makes poetry out of what he sees about him, what he has felt and experienced, what he has heard or read about. He is not narrowly personal in the fashion of present-day lyricists whose verses are a kind of endless repetition on the theme of Beautiful Nature and the torment of the Sensitive Soul, though when he wishes to he can write about love and beauty and sorrow (these being the subjects usually meant by the epithet personal) with perfection, as in this poem:

> Ione, Dead The Long Year
> Empty are the ways,
> Empty are the ways of this land
> And the flowers
> Bend over with heavy heads.
> They bend in vain.
> Empty are the ways of this land
> Where Ione
> Walked once, and now does not walk
> But seems like a person just gone.

Often his studies in the literatures of the past supply the materials for poetry; the things men in other ages have done and experienced are made to live again in Pound's lines. Browning, Villon, and the troubadours love and fight and sing in some of the poems. The enduring aspects of antiquity are present. The people and institutions of the modern world, including Mr. Chesterton, the *Times*, and other less august but equally characteristic products provoke Pound to poetry. There are also translations from various foreign tongues. And these translations are as much a part of Pound's verse as his lyrics and satires.

Certain objections have been made concerning Pound's choice of subject matter. Readers who believe that a poet is permitted to write only about what they call "poetic" subjects have charged Pound with making poetry out of literature rather than "life." One can merely reply to these people: go back and read Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Shakespeare. The admirers of Pound's early lyrics protested because he turned to the writing of satirical verse, and when he published his translations and poems dealing with figures of other centuries the critics said they were the work of a man whose fire had burned itself out. Contemporary verdicts on art are notorious for their errors in judgment. It seems incredible that people should object to satirical verse. One may not appreciate epigrams, but with the examples of Dryden and Pope before one it is rather beside the point to maintain that satirical verse isn't poetry. The other objections represent an attitude more widely accepted today. There is the belief that poetry must deal with the modern world, that it must express the Spirit of the Age, and that its inspiration must be "life." The advocates of this poetry prefer a poem like Sandburg's "Chicago" to Pound's "Provincia Deserta," failing to realize that Sandburg gives them externals while Pound presents human emotions and experiences.

Pound has shown a deeper curiosity about the various verse forms and a greater expertness in handling them than any other modern writer. Today it is somewhat amusing to consider that the principles and ideals Pound stood for in his own verse and advised other poets to follow were called revolutionary and new in 1912. Directness, definiteness of presentation, a rhythm corresponding to the musical phrase were to be found in all the great poets, and Pound had arrived at these standards from his studies in the literature of the past. Other poets of Pound's generation had learned from the past, but Pound was a more accomplished linguist than they, and he set himself to master all known forms of expression.

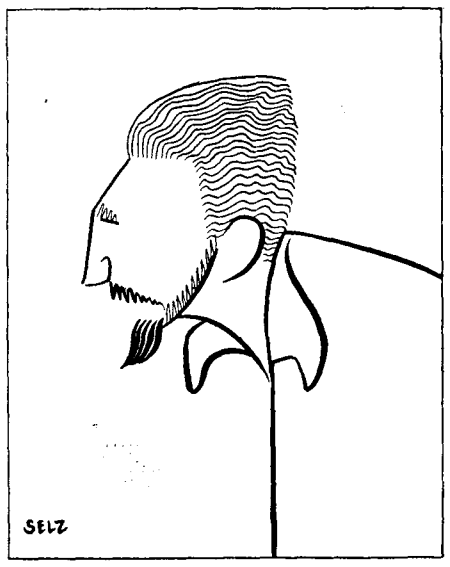
He divides the form of expression into three groups: melopœia, "poetry which moves by its music, whether it be a music in words or an aptitude for, or suggestion of, accompanying music"; imagism, "poetry wherein the feelings of painting and sculpture are predominant"; and logopœia, poetry "which is a dance of the intelligence among words and ideas and modifications of ideas and characters."

Some of his poems are chiefly interesting for their technical accomplishments. Many of the translations fall into this group. However, the translations from the Chinese in the section "Cathay" are such masterly achievements that they will in all probability become as much a part of English poetry as the translations of Swinburne and Rossetti. The version of the Anglo-Saxon "Sea-Farer" is more than a translation; it is a new poetic form which combines certain qualities of Anglo-Saxon poetry with those of modern verse, and its influence is seen in the "Cantos" and in the work of other writers, notably in Archibald MacLeish.

In the best work the perfection of form is fused with a richness of content, resulting in poetry of a very high order. "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly" is such a poem. A whole epoch, as seen and experienced by one individual, is summed up. Again human emotions and experiences are the subject matter, but the setting this time is modern London rather than twelfth century Provence. The verse is that of a mature artist; the atmosphere of a great city is caught in the hard, incisive rhythms of the poem:

> The tea-rose tea-gown, etc.
> Supplants the mousseline of Cos,
> The pianola "replaces"
> Sappho's barbitos.
> . . . . . .
> Faun's flesh is not to us,
> Nor the saint's vision
> We have the Press for wafer;
> Franchise for circumcision.

Against this background a man "bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the



EZRA POUND

acorn" moves "for three years, out of key with his time":

> Thus, if her color
> Came against his gaze,
> Tempered as if
> It were through a perfect glaze
>
> He made no immediate application
> Of this to relation of the state
> To the individual, the month was more temperate
> Because this beauty had been.

The qualities and virtues of the shorter poems attain their highest perfection in the "Cantos." A lifetime of study and labor has gone into the making of this great poem. To a clarity of vision Pound brings an astonishing capacity for poetic invention. The wealth of beauty in the "Cantos" is almost inexhaustible, the rhythms are many and varied but always (to use Pound's own words) "in the end, his own, uncounterfeiting, uncounterfeitable." The simplicity of this poetry is an achievement that compels admiration. One has to go back to the ancients to find a poetry so fundamentally simple in design. And this simplicity appears even more remarkable when we consider the richness of subject matter, the complexity of experience, which the poem embraces.

An intelligent approach to this long poem is made easier for us if we forget the conventions of nineteenth century poetry with its paraphernalia of philosophic problems, and attend to what Pound tells us:

> And they want to know what we talked about?
> Both of ancient times and our own; books, arms,
> And of men of unusual genius,
> Both of ancient times and our own, in short the usual subjects
> Of conversation between intelligent men.

This provides the clue to the content and will help us in understanding the form. It also suggests that the "Cantos" are closer in method to Homer, Dante, and Chaucer than to, say, Milton. As in the shorter poems, Pound takes his material from all ages and countries; again he brings us the living qualities of the past, the achievements of the human spirit which are superior to time and place, though the time and the place make these achievements more vivid and so are included. Persons who insist on reading into the "Cantos" what is not there, who confuse themselves by supposing that one must know the sources of what Pound talks about in order to appreciate what is said, will probably always find the work incomprehensible. The reader who realizes that the subject matter *is* the poetry, who finds pleasure in hearing an alert and sensitive mind speak of those things it has remembered, will return again and again to the poem. And, as I have said, the richness of content is virtually inexhaustible. "A whole world of persons" (W. C. Williams) is contained in these pages:

> Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead, of brides
> Of youths and of the old who had borne much;
> Souls stained with recent tears, girls tender,
> Men many, mauled with bronze lance heads,
> Battle spoil, bearing yet dreary arms,
> These many crowded about me . . .

the troubadours Sordello, Pieire de Maensac who "won the singing," and Vidal "stumbling along in the wood Muttering, muttering Ovid," and in a later time Henri Gaudier and T. E. Hulme who went to the war. There are "the fabians crying out for the petrification of putrefaction," the "obstructors of knowledge, obstructors of distribution," "the old men's voices, beneath the columns of false marble," and the old woman who "sat there in the waiting room, solid Kansas," and many others. This "world of persons," historical events, marvels, and enduring beauty are seen through the complexity of the modern man's consciousness, and thus the poem becomes (in the best sense) an authoritative expression of the spirit of modern times. This quality however is inherent in the poem's method and a result of the necessary unity of content and style rather than any explicit "theme" determining the "Cantos'" direction.

It is impossible here to discuss the many qualities of style present in the work. The allusions and quotations from various foreign languages, the play upon the meanings of words, the juxtaposition of colloquial and classic images and cadences, enrich and color the poetry, making Pound's style the exact component of his personality. A hint as to the special qualities of the "Cantos'" rhythm is found in this statement from the poet's critical writings: "I think progress lies rather in an attempt to approximate classical quantitative metres (*not* to copy them) than in a carelessness regarding such things." Also, these lines from Canto XXV accurately describe the melodic line:

> notes as facets of air,
> and the mind there, before them, moving,
> so that notes needed not move.

Rhyme and assonance are used with a subtlety they never attained in Pound's earlier work. A large part of the poem's beauty is due to the skilful employment of repetition. Words, phrases, and lines are given out, repeated, cadences are echoed, broken up, to recur later in some different arrangement, giving the effect of counterpoint in music. The pause is managed expertly. There is not the space to show by extended quotation the superiority of the "Cantos'" music over that of the shorter poems, but anyone who reads Pound's verse will find this quite evident.

The concreteness of imagery in the earlier poems is also found in the "Cantos," but here the images are more beautiful and suggestive because they are even more definite and more related to the melodic line. Pound has been able to control the music and imagism so that they move together:

> And the waves rising but formed, holding their form
> No light reaching through them.

The utmost economy of language is achieved in this poetry, and a compression of both words and thought that makes for that intensity so characteristic of fine poetry.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

ANTHONY ADVERSE. By HERVEY ALLEN. *Farrar & Rinehart.*
A full-bodied picaresque novel.

OUR MOVIE-MADE CHILDREN. By H. J. FORMAN. *Macmillan.*
A study of the influence of the movie on the child and adolescent.

THE APE AND THE CHILD. By S. N. and L. A. KELLOGG. *McGraw-Hill.*
Analysis of comparative mentalities, based on careful observation.

This Less Recent Book:

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. By LYTTON STRACHEY. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A striking biography by the old master.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Notes With a Yellow Pen

X. MAKALEHA

IT'S queer to think that this very morning, as I write, Harry Snyder is again getting that first glimpse of Oahu, an opal shadow on the sea margin. He passes the wedge of Koko Head, slips by those fantastic jagged ridges, curled and twisted with striæ of lava. Below them are the valleys, more gently moulded, misted with soft green. The *Lurline* turns Diamond Head, approaches the dock. The Kanaka boys are there like bronze frogs, swimming for thrown coins. When I arrived in the *Malolo* last March the Bank Holiday was on, as I told you. Overcome with enthusiasm I tossed my last quarter to see the boys dive for it; and Don Bate, the Islands' bulkiest bookseller, nearly went overboard for it himself. I wonder if the outrigger that gave me such a shock will be there? I had always thought of those Polynesian craft as the most ancient and primitive thing in the world. Imagine my dismay when under the ship's side came a beautifully painted outrigger, all orange and black, with a motor kicker in her. Is that what they've done to Hawaii, I thought? Is that blue haze that lingers on the mountains only gasoline vapor?

On the dock the Royal Hawaiian Band is playing, and that large beige-colored lady in white is singing The Song of the Islands. Undoubtedly there are some booksellers on the pier waiting to hang flower *leis* round Harry's neck. (How many booksellers on the Mainland greet the publisher's representative with garlands?) Harry and his twelve trunks of books (I saw him packing them at 500 Fifth Avenue, only two weeks ago) go off to the Young Hotel. Harry arranges the Fall Line (of more than forty publishers) on a long trestle down one side of the room. One of the beds he uses for catalogues. After he gets everything laid out I hope he'll find time to take the pitcher down the long corridor. They have a wonderful idea at the Young Hotel. If you want some ice you don't need to ring for a boy. You take your jug and go along to the ice-room at the end of the hall. There is a huge chest, filled every day with fresh ice-cubes, thousands of them. How pleasant to sit in the drowsy middle of the day, looking over the new books, and hear Harry's firm and measured pace returning along the passage with a faint crystalline jingle. I always remembered Eugene Field's immortal ballad—"The clink of the ice in the pitcher The boy brings down the hall." It induces a mood of *lomilomi*. I hope I use that word right. *Lomi* is to rub or massage; hence, to soothe, to make peaceful. *Lomilomi* is to be under an occult power, the influence of a god. Reduplication of syllables, in that deep language, intensifies the meaning. *Wiki* is "quick"; *wikiwiki* means "very quickly indeed." Even the most casual visitor observes at once the pure sense and intuition of the Hawaiian tongue. One of the absurd awkwardnesses of English in words of position or direction—e. g., right and left, which always require further explaining—doesn't exist in Hawaiian. Direction is made precise by two grand words: *mauka*, toward the mountains, and *makai*, toward the sea. How much pleasanter than *uptown* and *downtown*. The Hawaiian lingo has as many roots as a banyan tree, and they all go down into imaginative reality.

A word I never heard used, but which I found in the dictionary, struck me as valuable. *Makaleha* means "a lofty mischievous eye," and then (as a verb) "to lift the eyebrows in wonder and admiration." That should be the permanent attitude of the spectator of life. How may one ever catch up with our inventory of amazement? I get a perpetual twinge of surprise when I see on 79th Street an apartment house called *Kelmscott*. How on earth did it get named for that manor house in Oxfordshire? Did some book-collector call it that in honor of William Morris's press at Hammersmith? What fun it would be to take the door-man from that apartment house and put him down in the manor of Kelmscott to see what he'd think of it. Or do people christen things at random without any thought that names have power?—Another thought that sometimes occurs to me is the heraldry of office buildings. I used to wonder why the mules over the door of the Candler Building on 42nd Street. Once I took the trouble to make inquiry. Mr. Charles Howard Candler (of Atlanta) was kind enough to let me know that these come from one quartering of his family arms. Technically, "sable, a fess or, between three asses passant argent." This adds to my pleasure every time I go along 42nd Street.

The other day on 53rd Street I saw a truck lettered BARCLAY-PERKINS Milk Stout. This, obviously, was a revival of the famous old Barclay & Perkins brewery, of which Dr. Johnson was once a trustee. (But why the hyphen instead of the ampersand?) Fill up your firkins with Barclay & Perkins I said to myself, remembering that West 53rd is a street of speakeasies. One of humanity's most agreeable traits is the way it hangs onto signs, symbols, labels, tokens, names, phrases. Down in the Bonus Camp on Riverside you'll find a little portrait of Thomas Paine posted up on the bulletin board. It's doubtful in my mind whether any of the campers have read *The Age of Reason* (an Age, surely, that will never come) but the name of Tom Paine has become a name of power among all who are out of luck. How astonished would Tom himself be to find his picture there, in that neat, orderly, courageous little village where the flimsy shacks bravely face the huge cliffs of Riverside Drive. I haven't read any Tom Paine either, but certainly he had a fine sense for labels. The Rights of Man! It's a pretty severe question whether he really has any. But it's dreams, notions, fetiches, epidemics of idea, that govern our queer species. There's at least some reason to suspect that this country is passing through (perhaps has already achieved) a profound political overturn in the past few months, but the average citizen hasn't even any idea that it has happened. A good many soap-boxers will go on roaring for the Revolution long after it has taken place. What is unthinkable one year suddenly comes to pass a year later, and who can account for it? What small shift of wind has changed everything? Sometimes it's just because somebody had the wit to pick the right word. Call it *technocracy* and everyone laughs. Call it Controlled Industry and it's all jake.

I'm off the track again, I see. What was in the back of my mind was that the Hawaiians seem to have had a natural genius for words. Their words came out of the significances of their daily life. It was delightful to find that they have a word (*makeewaa*) expressing "the unlimited love of canoes." Where will you find a better word-making than *molulolea*—"the wail of one shipwrecked and cast ashore." Or *kukuiolelo*—"a company of people talkative and noisy at night when they should be asleep." Nimble as their own surf-riders, their words coast over the rollers of thought and come up on the firm beach of meaning. They steer straight for a fact. I was pleased by a sign on Vineyard Street in Honolulu—*Roselia K. H. Steamboat, Midwife*. Presumably that was all she knew of him, he came from some ship. Let that be his name.

In Chinatown in San Francisco Harry Hart explained to me that the characters you see on the shop windows are *not* the names of the merchants, but fancy phrases to bring good luck in trade. He read them off to me. A drugstore, which had in its window such medicaments as sea-horses, ginseng root, dried and flattened frogs, was called *Hall of Heavenly Precious Things*. A hardware store was *Hill of Virtue*. A grocery was *The 10,000 Amenities*. Other shops—I forget their special goods—were named *Lovers of Harmony, Accomplished in Heaven*, and *Beautiful Watercourse*. (This I hope was a plumber.) One specially appropriate for Deflation was *Memories of Prosperity*.—Except where some other language exerts its influence upon us we have little genius for trade names. I liked a clothing store in Santa Barbara called *The Great Wardrobe*.

Makaleha, to raise the eyebrows in wonder, is an excellent calisthenic for the mind. In Hawaii, on the Pacific, in California, I was much aware of the largeness of sunshine, the freedom of seas. The first thing I noticed when I got back to New York was a small phial of tomato juice on a drugstore counter. It bore this extraordinary label:—

> Sunshine Vitamin D added in irradiated ergosterol under license by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Since when, poor old Tom Paine would cry, did the Wisconsin Alumni take out a license on sunshine? I got almost as good a grin out of a bottle of "sparkling water" that Ted Slocum showed me at the Santa Barbara Biltmore where we paused to see what must be one of the world's most beautiful hotels. It was just ordinary fizz-water, but the label assured us it had been "ultra violet ray treated." There, however, we were obviously in a land of fantasy. There were English daisies on the turf; there were gorse bushes (or is it broom?) from which the Plantagenet family took their name; there was a Mercedes car with more touring-club insignia on it than I knew existed; there were movie people shooting a scene on the beach; and guests even more ultra violet than Plantagenet kings ever dared to be. There was a lady (the manager assured us) who had been both a Twombly and a Vanderbilt.—There's another little symbol in California, by the way, which always made me think of the old Spanish padres. How it would have pleased them—though I believe the eucalyptus trees were introduced after their time. Every eucalyptus acorn is deeply incised with a perfect little mark of the cross.

The other thing that gave me *makaleha* when I got back to town was a sign outside a hotel in the West 40's. Perhaps it's rather tragic, an Outline of Civilization:—

Swedish Massage	$1.00
Alpine Sun Lamp	1.00
Whirlpool Bath	1.00
Chemical Bath	1.00
Electric Cabinet	1.00
Colonic Irrigation	2.50

Roof Garden Free for Natural Sun Bathing
Also Russian and Turkish Baths

What's the matter with an ordinary American Bath, I wondered. As for the Whirlpool, I remembered that plunge in icy water at the foot of the Sacred Falls on the windward side of the Oahu. You trudge up through cane plantations and then clamber the rocky valley of the stream. Every time you cross it you must lay two stones on a leaf (is it a ti-leaf? I forget) to propitiate the dangerous spirit, the Pig-god who rules that canyon. The water comes plunging down, a hundred and fifty feet or so, between walls of rocky sheer. It's a chill and eerie cavern. A strong swimmer by going underneath can fight through the cold boil of water and get behind the white hissing curtain of the fall. But he does not stay there long.

There's plenty of chance to do *makaleha* here in Manhattan, too. For instance the other day our old friend Ike Mendoza, the Ann Street bookseller, was lured uptown for lunch, which only happens about once every generation. He wanted to see how the famous Cruikshank temperance engraving *The Worship of Bacchus*, which came from his shop, now looks hanging in the kitchen at Jules's place, the shrine of the Three Hours for Lunch Club. Ike and Jules were introduced—and it appears that 25 years ago, when Jules was a bus-boy at Mouquin's on Fulton Street he used to slip out the back door and look at the books at Mendoza's. He bought his Dante there, he says.

One needs that Hawaiian genius for the simple word. The other day there came to me by chance a leaflet called *The Sight-Giver*, sent out by the Catholic Institute for the Blind (221 Street and Paulding Avenue, New York City) where blind children are trained and educated. In the leaflet was a photograph of a child reading a book in Braille; "Fingers of Light," they called it; I reproduce it here. The posture and meaning of those thinking hands is beauty that has no name. One uses what words come into one's head, and cannot always trim them for special needs. But those must be glad who have written words for those fingers. That also is *makaleha*, to hold the face high in admiration.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

FINGERS OF LIGHT (Courtesy Catholic Institute for the Blind)

The Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company announce their fourth Prize Novel Competition. To the author of the winning novel, as determined by the judges, the Atlantic Monthly Press will pay —On the Date of Announcement—a sum of $10,000: $5,000 as an outright prize, and $5,000 as an advance on account of royalties. This sum is to be paid for book rights alone. The judges are primarily interested in book material. Dramatic and motion-picture rights are retained by the author.

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Decade of Heroics

THE DECADE OF ILLUSION: PARIS, 1918-1928. By MAURICE SACHS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

OF this book there are two questions which one might justly ask—why was it written? And why did Mr. Knopf print it? The period described is one of the most stimulating, energetic, productive, amusing decades in what was for a time the capital of the world's culture. The author contents himself with devoting two-thirds of his book to the most superficial references to, or notation of, some four or five hundred characters of more or less importance, in which the adjective figuring most frequently is some derivation of the word "*chic*." Strangely enough, the only prominent persons who excite the admiration of the reader are those who seem to have remained indifferent to M. Sachs's charm: Gide and Picasso. The talent, nobility of soul, or charm of his friends (and M. Sachs does not hesitate to claim acquaintanceship with "all Paris") remain to be proved by some less interested partisan. His own attitude, so far as historical equipment goes, suggests that of any young man "on the make," and may be illustrated by the following quotation: "A young man approaches with emotion a woman, always beautiful and always young, who has understood and frequented so many admirable and celebrated people." One approaches with a considerably different emotion a young man who has capitalized his friendship for celebrated people so freely, and offers it to us like so much "watered stock."

The last part of the book is devoted to somewhat longer studies, including an attempt at interpretation, of Jean Cocteau, Jacques Maritain, Max Jacob, and Picasso. In the case of the first three such a rosy nimbus of sentimentality and religiosity is thrown about them that it is almost impossible to distinguish any flesh and blood in the characterizations at all; if one were totally unacquainted with their works one would suppose them all to be the authors of the Elsie books in French version, with a dash of Gallic wit and "chic," of course.

When he speaks of painting M. Sachs is on surer ground. But what young man of his generation in Paris did not set himself up as an art critic? With my own limited acquaintance in Paris, I can recall fifteen or twenty young men of letters, all of whom talk "texture," "line," "values," with the same glibness, and they are none of them, so far as I can tell, in any sense his inferiors at the ancient "racket."

But in truth it was a heroic decade, that of 1918 to 1928 in Paris, when Americans of literary and artistic pretensions came steaming across the ocean in boatloads to drink the intoxicating liquors of a new renaissance, only to find that the influence of their country had preceded them in the A. E. F., in the Chaplin films, in the architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright; when the Dadaists held their explosive *soirées* at *cafés*, theatres, or on the streets, and in general made mock of patriotism; when the Surrèalists further thumbed their noses at the bourgeois; when Rimbaud and Lautrèmont were first discovered; when Gide's "Faux-Monnayeurs" and Proust's epic first appeared, when the great painters began to carve out their empire, and the great *couturiers* to amaze the world. That story is still to be told; but it will be told not in the accents of a M. Maurice Sachs.

Matthew Josephson was one of the Americans who lived in Paris during the "decade of illusion." He is the author of "Zola" and "Portrait of the Artist as American."

In "Psychology of Sex," by Havelock Ellis, Long & Smith have put out a single volume summarizing the topics discussed in the earlier seven volumes bearing the same title which have been available to professional people only. Since the publication of these studies, Havelock Ellis has gone right on thinking and reading every study that has been made of marriage and sex. He knows all about Freud and he has had time to sift, digest, and get into perspective many of the psychoanalysts' "new discoveries." For the student, the greatest value of this book will lie in finding in one volume a critical discussion of the conclusions of Freud, Katherine Davis, Robert Dickinson, G. Hamilton, Krafft-Ebing, and Hirschfield. With the mass of material scientific and otherwise which is flooding the market, such a résumé and critique is most needed.

YEATS AT PETITPAS, 1910. By John Sloan (Whitney Museum of Modern Art)

By Bus Through Bohemia

GARRETS AND PRETENDERS: A History of Bohemianism in America. By ALBERT PARRY. New York: Covici-Friede. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

IN the first two sentences of this book, the author misconstrues his subject. Mr. Parry says, "American bohemianism, so gay and mellow and, in its later stages, so respectable, began with a tragedy. It began with Edgar Allan Poe." But when was Bohemia mellow, even in its cups? Why should Poe be chosen as its American first-citizen? It is true that he drank frenziedly, took laudanum, lived in poverty and dreams; strangers picked him from the gutter in a last fit of delirium tremens. "He was born and he died a bohemian, his whole life the truest picture of that phenomenon at its rarest and best. Poe was not a self-conscious protestant. . . . There were no kindred souls to understand his pain and his desire to soar above it." But it has always seemed to me that "solitary bohemian" was a contradiction in words. And self-consciousness in rebellion is precisely the quality which stamps the Bohemia of modern times and distinguishes it from the Grub Streets which preceded it through the ages.

The bohemian way of life is almost as old as recorded history. It occurs in any civilization as soon as men are able to earn a precarious income by writing, painting, or corrupting the young with new ideas; it marks the formation of an intellectual proletariat. Socrates was a bohemian in this general sense; so were the Sophists who preceded him and the Alexandrian poets who followed. Before Poe was born, there were Americans who lived in a bohemian fashion—as, for example, his mother, the roving actress. But modern bohemianism is something more complicated: it is not only a way of life, but also a philosophy, a ritual and a myth. The philosophy was furnished by the Romantic movement and especially by its poets—Byron, Musset, Baudelaire. The ritual of light love and laughter was recorded, the myth was created and rendered glamorous, by Henry Murger in his "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême." Not until these later elements were imported from Europe—not until life, philosophy, ritual, and myth were combined and consciously followed by a circle of writers and artists—could it be said that a Bohemia existed in the United States.

Poe had been dead for eight years when the first American Bohemia was established in Pfaff's beer saloon, under the sidewalks of lower Broadway. Henry Clapp, an editor and mild socialist, reigned there as "king" and Ada Clare as "queen." Their titles implied no liaison between them: but each had made a journey to Paris, and each had separately conceived the idea of founding a smaller, brighter Latin Quarter in New York. Mr. Parry devotes four chapters, the most interesting in the book, to the fortunes of their project. Only one genius came to sit in Pfaff's saloon, and Walt Whitman deserted it early in the Civil War. There were several men of talent in the circle, but most of them either died young and tragically or else—like William Winter, Bayard Taylor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and E. C. Stedman—they became respectable businessmen of letters. The first Bohemia died in the early seventies, and was not resurrected until the "Trilby" craze swept the country in 1894.

To this phenomenon, Mr. Parry again devotes several chapters. He is a diligent historian, a collector of gossip, a searcher through the files of forgotten magazines. He tells about the appearance of bohemian groups in Boston and San Francisco, the publication of "bohemian" magazines in Troy, N. Y., and Fort Worth, Texas. He tells about the expatriates who wrote for the *Yellow Book*, and their successors who wrote for *Broom* and *This Quarter* and *transition*. He traces the history of the *Dill Pickle* in Chicago and of the Provincetown Players, and carries down his story to the death of Hart Crane in April, 1932. It is as if we were being taken for a tour of Bohemia on a rubberneck bus. The guide calls out the landmarks through a megaphone, piling word on word and fact on fact in a style no sharper than an old shovel. He exhibits the full circle of bohemian life: its three o'clock of talent, its six o'clock of hunger, its nine o'clock of orgy, its suicides at midnight, but he shows us only the face of the clock. He never takes it apart to tell us how it ticks.

Malcolm Cowley, an editor of The New Republic, *is completing a book on "The Lost Generation" of 1920-30 Bohemians.*

Ennis on Water Color

MAKING A WATER COLOUR. By GEORGE PEARSE ENNIS. New York: Studio Publications, Inc., 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THIS honest and helpful book by Mr. Ennis, the president of the American Water Color Society, should be of value and inspiration to the amateur. It is boldly modern in tone. The implements of the art, and the various stages of water color procedure, are simply described and illustrated with admirable photographs. It is one of *The Studio's* excellent "How to Do It" series, which deserves the highest praise. There are also sixteen superb reproductions of famous water color masterpieces from the eighteenth century to now. They include Girtin, Turner, Cotman, Peter De Wint, Sargent, McBey, Brangwyn. Each one is analyzed and commented on by Mr. Ennis. It is a beautiful book.

Mr. Ennis is not only a talented brush but a canny teacher. He did not intend it so, but (since all the arts assimilate) his terse remarks might well serve also as an essay on literary composition. The methods and strategies of the painter have strong analogies for the writer. In mere selfishness, and for my own memorandum and instruction, let me condense Mr. Ennis's argument. See if it does not offer suggestion to the tasks of fiction.

Water color is swift and immediate in its expression of the artist's emotion. The worst fault of beginners is the desire to copy nature slavishly. Before you touch color to paper you should consider composition and selection carefully. Define the shapes. Plan dark and light masses.

Then (1) lay in the dark masses, with a full brush. "Only in this manner can you secure a rich bloom." The dark masses can be made vibrant by flushing rich colors together. Add last the color required to dominate the mass.

(2) After establishing the dark colors, develop the middle plan. Keep white and brilliancies to the last. Area of white paper held in reserve "is a safety hold on the picture." (Yes, this is wisdom.)

(3) The final vital stage is to express your high lights: sunshines and shimmers. Sky; foreground; summing up.

If there is trouble in parts, lay it aside—or remove the offending part by sponging. Purple is the only color difficult to remove. It stains and holds on like grim death.

A water color must be painted without fear or favor, directly, lusciously, with a dripping, flowing color. To falter is to fail.

One could have a happy summer studying and imitating Mr. Ennis.

Biology for the Layman

THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION. By H. M. PARSHLEY. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by S. ZUCKERMAN

THE main difference between popular science and the science of scientists, so some cynically minded experimenter once remarked, is that popular science is as a rule better written. The generalization is perhaps not so accurate as it is striking, but in so far as it suggests that a popular exposition of scientific matter can be both entertaining and sound, it is unreservedly borne out by Professor Parshley's new book, the purpose of which is the presentation of enough facts about the physiology of reproduction not only to satisfy the layman's curiosity, but also to provide him with a biological basis for an intelligent attitude to sexual problems. That Professor Parshley has been able to do his task so frankly is due mainly to the post-war slump in sham sexual values, and to the general recognition of the prevalence of sexual skeletons in many of society's apparently well-ordered cupboards. That he has been able to do his task so well is due to the fact that he is versed in the latest developments of his subject. There are places, it is true, where investigators would be inclined to disagree with him, but in most Professor Parshley could cite chapter and verset from fairly recent scientific studies to support his views—even though his authorities would not be acceptable to his critics. But so it always is when an expositor draws together the criss-cross threads of a rapidly growing science.

The book is wide in scope and well illustrated. It introduces its main subject with a chapter on the sexual and reproductive processes of the invertebrate and lower vertebrate world, and after a discussion of the anatomy of cell division and of genetics (which includes a very readable account of sex-linked inheritance) passes on to analyze the sex act. From this it proceeds to consider such subjects as the human sexual cycle, pregnancy, embryonic development, and the internal secretions that help to maintain the sexual and reproductive mechanisms. The concluding section is concerned with sex traits in childhood and adolescence, with population and eugenics, and with the biology of socio-sexual behavior. In these more general chapters, Professor Parshley effectively demonstrates his rational appreciation of the social problems he considers, and the majority of his views can hardly fail to find sympathy with those of his readers who are not biased at the start by one or other of the more vulgar and irresponsible attitudes of mind that try to pass under the name of public decency.

It is questionable whether or not an understanding of the bio-chemical basis of sexual activity will eliminate some of life's needless tragedies, and save us from "painful and unnecessary errors of ignorance." The physiological basis of digestion is generally recognized, in some places even regarded as a matter not unfit for drawing-room discussion. Yet people still overeat and get sick, while others are confirmed drunkards. Still, if intimate knowledge about the physiology of sex does not cure the world of its emotional sexual troubles, it can undoubtedly provide it, as Professor Parshley hopes, with a basis for an intelligent attitude to sexual problems. His book is an admirable source of information on a very important and difficult subject.

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Since the temperature dropped about thirty degrees the last time we announced

COOL READING
for
WARM DAYS

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by Elliott Merrick

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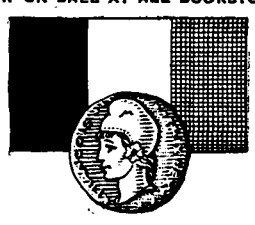

THE MYSTERY NOVEL WHICH WON FOR ITS AUTHOR THE FAMOUS FRENCH *PRIX du ROMAN D'ADVENTURES OF 1932*

SHOES THAT HAD WALKED TWICE

BY JEAN TOUSSAINT-SAMAT

Lippincott $2

Julia Newberry's Diary

6th PRINTING

"Almost as precious as Pepys' Diary."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

$2.50 NORTON

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

I SAID I was sailing on the *Bremen,* adding hastily, "Tourist, of course."

The professor put a finger to his brow. "Didn't someone tell me," he mused, "that there used to be another class, once?"

However, Tourist on the *Bremen* has class enough for me. The agency booking me was desired by the line to assure the "distinguished writer and critic" that all things would be done to smooth the crossing of this surprised person. The cubicle to which I was entitled enlarged to something nearer a skating-rink, my reservations were happily preadjusted, and the Commodore's Secretary saw to it that I saw the ship. It appears that some time ago—no later than the first year of the *Saturday Review of Literature*—I had answered, as Reader's Guide for a high official of the line, a question relayed from China and involving a certain amount of research. It was all in the day's work and the matter had dropped clean out of my mind, but the line remembers like elephants.

The work of the Commodore's Secretary might well be brought to the notice of travellers with some special purpose in view. She turned out to be Dr. Gertrude Ferber, whom I had already met when she was prominent in work for international relations and in the Youth Movement. If one is interested in orphanages or archæology or workmen's housing or any subject calling for investigation on the spot, she will see to it that he has the right letters of introduction. If someone else in his line is travelling in another class, she will give them a chance to meet one another—and on a modern liner this means something. The only ship with such a service is the *Bremen,* but I am told it has worked so well there that it may be extended.

A mid-ocean wireless said walking would begin at Southampton; it really did at Romsey, to let me revisit a certain Saxon rood, last visited in 1925. Since then a hunting-lodge of King John has come to light; for the last few hundred years it has been nestling at the heart of a block of workmen's cottages. These they peeled off and cleared away down to the original inside and outside, to find the former impulsively decorated by knights of the period. These stalwart guests used the plaster wall as a sort of impromptu guest-book and scratched upon it with hunting knives the coats of arms and godly mottoes serving them for signatures. Also one of them had made a profile picture of King Edward complete with crown and beard, rather in the manner of H. G. Wells in "Boon."

But for the next four days kings were as naught to this department. We were walking in Somerset, which in early June turns every stone wall into a rock garden, sets meadows shimmering with tall buttercups, carpets the paths thick with daisies, sends white spray foaming to the tops of may-trees, and turns to crimson the vast shade of nut trees rising from the streams. Everything is rich, kind, and mellow, from the buzzing speech, thick as honey, to the cheese that rightly gives a name to the Cheddar Gorge. And then, after a pause for breath and blisters, we were on the road again for the Whitsun holidays, starting from Peterborough with a group of young and stalwart experts on early ecclesiastical architecture. This was my first real hiking—the rules of the Society for the Extermination of Luggage had so far prevented me from carrying a pack—and I am now in a position to state that the short cuts to the best ecclesiastical architecture are over ploughed fields. I am also in a position—with my hand on my heart—to state that Heaven hath not anything to show more fair than these three bright days I was permitted to tag along upon this charming expedition. Anyway, not anything to show me. Should anyone want the itinerary of this trip, I will send also the titles of books to be read beforehand or taken along. For this was no random roaming, but a trip cannily arranged by the young leader to alternate rapid walking with leisurely inspections of cool parish churches, steadily rising in beauty to the heights of Fotherghay and Warmington and rounded at the close by Peterborough under the moon.

So I have yet to find what changes, if any, have come over the face of London since last year. All I have seen in town are the two Brontë plays now running: Clemence Dane's "Wild Decembers" and Alfred Sangster's "The Brontës." From their respective receptions it might be thought that our Miss Cornell had bet on the wrong horse, but I believe she has chosen the better play. Mr. Cochran took it off at the end of its first week, but the star (Miss Diana Wynward of the screen version of "Cavalcade") put it firmly back again at her own charges, and the audience gives it every night a determined half-dozen of curtain calls. Miss Dane makes "Wild Decembers" follow the facts at almost every point, even of speech—which makes it the more distressing to Emilians that it should fall into the heresy that Bramwell had anything important to do with "Wuthering Heights." Mr. Sangster, who acts the father's part in his own play, not unnaturally makes the Reverend Patrick pedal-bass of his composition. Miss Dane's central figure is Charlotte. But somehow, in both plays, Emily runs away with the show. The stars must give thanks every night after the third act, that the nineteenth century had not conquered tuberculosis.

Yes, and a visiting American, whose window in her daughter's new flat looked out that night upon the Thames at full tide under the full moon, found herself so involved with Emily and Charlotte and Anne and Bramwell that though she had buried them all that evening one by one, the room and the night were crowded with Brontës all night long. So much, indeed, that she spends next week-end in Brontë country, on Emily's moors.

M. W. F., *Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., is interested in a fairly comprehensive study of the origin of words and music of hymns, and in any interesting data concerning the writers.* "The Evolution of the English Hymn," by F. J. Gilman (Macmillan), goes back to the first century and traces the origin and history of Christian hymns to the present day; a remarkable work, concise and full. A favorite book of this character, now in its eighth edition, is "The Story of the Hymns and Tunes," by Theron and Hezekiah B. Brown (Long & Smith), and another is "The Hymn in History and Literature," by J. B. Reeves (Century). "Famous Hymns of the World," by Allan Sutherland (Stokes), is another well-known compendium now in a new edition; it gives origins and romances of familiar hymns and has many new illustrations and a colored frontispiece. A larger volume is "English Hymns, Their Authors and History," by Samuel W. Duffield (Funk & Wagnalls), which gives the first lines of over fifteen hundred hymns, with a sketch of the author and the circumstances of its history and use. Benjamin Brawley's "History of the English Hymn" (Abingdon) considers schools of hymn-writing, their order of development and tendencies, with attention to individual authors. J. Brownlie's "Hymns of the Early Church" is a small and valuable book published by the Oxford University Press. There are many smaller books such as "Twelve Hymns and Their Writers" (Beacon Press), "101 Hymn Stories" (Methodist Book Concern), and "Stories of Hymn Tunes," by F. J. Metcalf (Abingdon); indeed, the H. W. Wilson Company publishes a pamphlet "Index to Stories of Hymn Tunes." And the autobiography of Ira D. Sankey, "My Life and the Story of Gospel Hymns" (Harper) is still in print.

L. C., *New York, says "Is there any book on Bermuda suitable to give someone going for a first visit—something short of the grand five-dollar variety and yet a little less formidable than Rider's Guide? Something that will suggest amusing places to look for and give an idea of the history of the island."* All this and more is done by "Bermuda Past and Present," by W. B. Hayward, published by Dodd, Mead and costing two-fifty. Costing less than that is Christopher Morley's "Notes on Bermuda," published by Henry and Longwell, 244 Madison Avenue, N. Y.; "Beautiful Bermuda," the sixth edition, published by the Beautiful Bermuda Publ. Co., 54 Morningside Drive, and Bertha March's "Bermuda Days" (Revell). Then if you want a scholarly book, new and comprehensive, there is Henry Wilkinson's "History of Bermuda" (Oxford University Press), which is, as you might infer, not a tourist's guide, and two books for the water-side: "Nonsuch" by William Beebe (Harcourt, Brace), and "Shore Fishes of Bermuda," a field book by William Beebe and John Tee Van (Putnam). The best five-dollar Bermuda book (since these were mentioned) is the one by Hudson Strode published this year by Smith & Haas: "The Story of Bermuda." Its many pictures make it like a travelogue.

L. B., *Texarkana, Ark., asks for two or three books of short toasts.* "The Toaster's Handbook," "More Toasts," and "Still More Toasts" are published by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York; taken together you get six thousand jokes, stories, and quotations, arranged by subject with cross-references. I found them amusing reading.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE BRITANNICA

IN the Fall of 1926 a leading essay of ours that aroused great discussion concerned the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. It was written by *C. K. Ogden*, the brilliant author of "The Meaning of Meaning." Three years later *Allan Nevins's* article in the 1929 Fall Book Number, on an even newer aspect of the same undertaking, was headed, "Hail, Britannica!" As Mr. Nevins is this year's Pulitzer Prize winner in the field of Biography, it is interesting now to compare these two "encyclopaedic" articles, both by specialists, and both bringing something new into the field of general book-reviewing.

FEATURES OF 1926

Our new Board of Directors was, in 1926, composed of *Dr. Canby, Noble A. Cathcart, Roy E. Larsen, John M. Lowrie, William Allen White,* and *Jesse Lynch Williams.* Earlier in the year *Paul Rosenfeld* contributed a few papers on Newcomers in American literature, and at the same time *Dr. Canby* began to publish certain of his essays on older American writers: *Bret Harte, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper,* etc. "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" were reviewed for us by the sometime editor of *The London Times, Wickham Steed.* In the Spring, *Ernest Boyd* began to write a regular monthly survey of "Literature Abroad." Literary essays by *Cameron Rogers,* later included in his volume "O Splendid Appetite," were also a feature. To mention a few other outstanding essays and reviews, there were: *De Lancey Ferguson's* account of *A. E. Housman* as "The Belligerent Don," *Elizabeth Sergeant's* review of *D. H. Lawrence's* "The Plumed Serpent," *Thomas Boyd* on one of *William Faulkner's* first novels, *Richard Aldington* on *D. H. Lawrence* as a poet, *Maxim Gorki* on *Anatole France, I. A. Richards* on "Science and Poetry," *Mary M. Colum* on *Stuart P. Sherman, Stephen Vincent Benét* on the poetry of *Archibald MacLeish, Rebecca West* on *Carl Sandburg, John Dos Passos* on *Blaise Cendrars,* and *Elmer Davis,* among other sparkling contributions, on *Frances Newman.*

That Fall Mr. Canby selected, as an auxiliary council to our editorial staff, the following reviewers who had already done much notable work for us: *Hervey Allen, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Arthur Colton, Malcolm Davis, Edward L. Davison* (who later carried on for us a literary department known as "The Wits' Weekly"), *Leonard Bacon, Lee Wilson Dodd, Frank Jewett Mather, Lloyd Morris, Allan Nevins, Rexford Guy Tugwell* (now one of President Roosevelt's "Brain Trust" and Assistant Secretary of Agriculture), *C. K. Ogden,* and *Chauncey Brewster Tinker.*

In our Christmas Number, 1926, I began a Shirtsleeves History of more or less recent American literature, without signature, and entitled (as the top line of my typewriter dictated it) *"Qwertyuiop."* Also I took to writing quatrains for a delectable series of fantastic drawings by *W. A. Dwiggins.*

We featured *Count Keyserling* that December, and *Walter Lippmann,* on *H. L. Mencken.* The Editor-in-Chief initiated a running comment by himself on certain outstanding books under the title of "Notes of a Rapid Reader." One of the first novels so treated was *Ernest Hemingway's* "The Sun Also Rises." *The Bowling Green* contained more than a passing reference to the redoubtable *P. E. G. Quercus* in its "Bread and Quercuses." *The Phœnix Nest* began to print *Ferocious Sonnets,* the first being by *Leonard Bacon* and *Waldo Pierce,* an innovation that grew to such proportions that the *Nest* of April 9, 1927, became a *Ferocious Sonnet Number.*

NEXT AUTUMN—SPRING FEVER!

In 1927 the Literary Guild started, headed by *Carl Van Doren* as Editor—and in July of that year *Seward Collins* and *Burton Rascoe* bought and took over the old *Bookman.* Earlier still, one of the main events in the literary (as well as the musical) world was the presentation of *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* "The King's Henchman" at the Metropolitan Opera House. We were fortunate enough to secure an excerpt from this notable work for one of our February numbers. At the same time *Elinor Wylie* was reviewing for us the first novel of a brilliant new woman writer, *Eleanor Carroll Chilton,* and *Louis Bromfield* was discussing our Literary Expatriates "Vintage 1927." *Edwin Arlington Robinson's* greatest poem, "Tristram," came under our observation, achieving a phenomenal sale, and in June we printed the *Invocation* to another long poem destined later to rival "Tristram" in popularity, namely "John Brown's Body." Moreover, *Bernard Fäy* from France was calling our attention to an eminent young American novelist and Francophile, *Julian Green* (In February 1928, *Abel Chevalley* further analyzed Julian Green and his work,) we were learning what Trader Horn found out,—and in the Fall of 1927 *Leonard Bacon* began to contribute to our pages glittering satiric fragments of his "New Dunciad."

We still, of course, carried but three wide columns, of 11 point, on our front page. In October, *Edward Davison* began his series of literary competitions in "The Wits' Weekly," and we secured *Oliver M. Sayler,* noted writer on the Russian Theatre, to review "The Play of the Week" from a literary standpoint. His first choice was "The Letter" by *Maugham,* and his next two "House of Women" by *Louis Bromfield* and "Porgy" by *Du Bose Heyward.* The autumn of 1927 also saw the department known as "The World of Rare Books" come under the joint direction of our old and valued friend, *Carl Purington Rollins* of Yale and *George Parker Winship* of the Widener Library at Harvard. Beneath it began to appear an expanded classified advertisement section known as "Counter Attractions."

"The Children's Bookshop" was in being, and was later for some time carried on by *Marion Ponsonby* (the pen-name of *Mrs. Canby*). I followed the instalments of "Qwertyuiop" with a new weekly department that contained anything I chose to write about, called "Mr. Moon's Notebook." *The Saturday Review* declared in November that "We have Spring Fever this Autumn!" because we were starting so many new departures. In December we published a remarkable new poem by *T. S. Eliot,* and we signalized 1928 with a February essay by *H. M. Tomlinson* on *Thomas Hardy,* whose death had recently occurred. *Count Keyserling* again enlivened our Spring Book Number for 1928 with an essay on the English, and the famous *C. E. Montague* in May presented us with a new view of *Matthew Arnold.* In August "Movies for the Classes" by *Terry Ramsaye,* Editor of the *Pathé Review,* started a series of double-page-spread special articles in the middle of the magazine. In December *Christopher Morley* was inducing many New Yorkers to "Seidel over to Hoboken" for performances seven nights a week of a stock company at the old *Rialto Theatre* on Hudson Street. He gathered no moss but contemplated Mistletoe!

DEATH OF GENIUS

Our late December number carried an editorial by Dr. Canby on the death of *Elinor Wylie* with a poem written in her memory by *Robert Nathan.* On January 19th we printed her last essay, "The Sage in Meditation," and two as yet unpublished poems. Her now famous "Hymn to Earth" appeared in the subsequent issue. In April, I joined a certain publishing-house as literary adviser, and hence changed my status to contributing Editor to the *Review. Amy Loveman* was given the title of *Managing Editor. John Mistletoe* began reminiscing of Haverford in *The Bowling Green* in August, and the stout book eventually resulting therefrom even now confronts me on my office bookshelves! In September came the sad death of one of our most esteemed Directors, *Jesse Lynch Williams,* and two months later we announced the election of the eminent dramatic critic, *John Corbin,* to succeed him. That Fall saw the inauguration of my department of comment on poetry, "Round About Parnassus." We also ran off a competition designed to stimulate new writers. An essay of not more nor much less than 3,500 words was asked for, to be delivered by November 15th, which should show how, in the judgment of relative youth, the traditions, the opportunities, the inhibitions, the disabilities of American literature were esteemed and assessed. The prize offered was $150 together with a complete edition of *Marcel Proust* in English. The following January the prize-winning essay was printed, out of some eighty received. It was "As a Man Thinketh," by *Harlan Hatcher* of Cincinnati. The following week the second in order appeared, "The Youngest Generation" by *Virginia Moore,* of Virginia.

In October 1929, Dr. Canby's editorial on *Stuart P. Sherman* marked the passing of a great arbiter of American letters. In November we had the privilege to print a large portion from the last and greatest work, "The Testament of Beauty" of the then poet laureate of England, *Robert Bridges.* Our Children's Book Number of that Fall blossomed into genuine holiday dress with a special cover in color decorated by *Elizabeth MacKinstry.*

(To be continued)

The Hebrew University announces that an award will be made of the Lord Plomer Fellowship in Arabic Studies, tenable in the academic year 1932-33. The holder of the award will be expected to engage in research work at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, on any theme lying within the scope of the Plomer Fellowship, and to reside in Jerusalem for a minimum of six calendar months. The value of the scholarship is £100. Candidates should have a knowledge of Hebrew sufficient to enable them to avail themselves of the opportunities for research to be found at the Hebrew University. Applicants should send their curriculum vitæ and testimonials to the Registrar, the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, not later than August 31, 1933.

BY THEODORA BENSON

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The New Books

Art

WILLIAM BARTRAM. Interpreter of the American Landscape. By N. BRYLLION FAGIN. Johns Hopkins University Press. 1933. $2.25.

William Bartram, whose "Travels" were widely read and translated in Europe, has been on the whole a prophet without honor in his native America. He was the best American ornithologist before Wilson, an enthusiastic botanist, an accurate and discerning informant concerning the American colonists in the South and particularly regarding the Indians. Coleridge and Chateaubriand read him up and down; Carlyle praised him to Emerson. Except Poe and possibly Emerson, no American author has been so influential upon European literature. Yet in America he has been relatively unread. The trouble seems to be his bad, if inevitable, habit of interlarding singularly concrete and energetic description with ejaculatory expressions of a gentle Quaker deism. It is not a false note, but it stylistically is an incongruous one, and the present reviewer, despite Professor Fagin's persuasiveness, cannot give up the thought, early put forth by Bartram's German translator, that a much condensed edition of the "Travels" is still desirable. However, what engrossed Coleridge cannot be ignored by the modern student of literature. Barring a style at times heavy and unattractive, the author has made much of his theme, particularly in tracing literary influences. Whoever is interested in our Colonial conditions, in eighteenth century primitivism, or in the cult of the noble savage, will profit by this book.

Fiction

MONTANA RIDES! By EVAN EVANS. Harpers. 1933. $2.

This is a cut above the usual wild West run-around yarn. Sufficiently exuberant in plot, with kidnappings, plenty of slaughter, hairbreadth escapes, a two-gun desperado hero, adequately sentimentalized, it is rather more plausible than most such rios, and it is written in fairly good sh. It is staged in Mexico and along exas borderland; a well done back- d. It will hold the average reader's attention as a "thriller." Evan Evans is a pen name.

ONE WAY TO STOP A PANIC. By IRVIN COBB. McBride. 1933. $2.

This book contains six short stories; fairly good run of the mill, though hardly Cobb at his best. The title story (the others have no connection with it) carries the moral, as Mr. Cobb explains, that "when people start laughing at a threatened catastrophe, the worst is over before it ever began to happen." A novel feature of the volume is that each story is equipped with a brief preface by the author. They are bright spots. Much the best item in the collection is "Man Friday Rises to Remark,"—a "spirit communication" giving Man Friday's version of some of Robinson Crusoe's doings.

BLACK MOON. By CLEMENTS RIPLEY. Harcourt, Brace. 1933. $2.

Stephen Lane met Amalia at somebody's débutante dance in New York. "She's a blonde Spaniard," Ellen Weymouth explained as she dragged him over to meet the girl. "Perfectly damn gorgeous. And she lives down on an island somewhere. You know, coconuts and pirates and mangoes—or is it mangroves?—and things." No sooner had Lane more or less fallen in love with the perfectly damn gorgeous mystery than Amalia disappeared, and a year or so later a strange letter came up from the Caribbean from Amalia's uncle, inviting Lane to come down and visit them. At its end was a queer, scrawled postscript: "If you love her, I beseech you, for God's Almighty sake, come!"

The island seems to have been south of Haiti, somewhere, and a rich repository of all the tropical furnishings dear to Hollywood and the more lurid writers of tropical fiction—including voodoo. Suppose the lovely Amalia, so soft and alluring, yet so strangely cool and remote, should turn out to be a voodoo priestess in her more secretive moments; suppose Lane, piloted into the jungle one night by a faithful black servitor, should discover her there, dancing naked in the moonlight! Well, many strange things happen in "Black Moon," and there are drums and blood and quick death ere our hero finds himself northward bound again, this time with another, no less beautiful, lady held tight in his arms. Mr. Ripley's novel may be described as hammock or verandah fiction—swiftly told, entirely synthetic in its materials, and not to be taken too seriously.

THE MARRIAGE RACKET. By VIÑA DELMAR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $2.

Again Viña Delmar translates into familiar terms one of the more exotic specimens of the American female. At the time of her marriage to Wallace Graham, a widowed business man in up-state New York, there was nothing in Irma Corbin's character to indicate that she would develop into as fussy a mother as ever sterilized a bottle, for at nineteen she was a hard-boiled, self-sufficient trouper, dancing on a two-a-day vaudeville circuit, fighting her battles and repelling amorous admirers with serene detachment. But with the birth of her son she discovers the only intense emotion of her life, and husband, family and friends are relegated to the marginal strip of her consciousness. Her subsequent moves, a break with her husband, her career, first as night-club dancer, then as mistress of a wealthy New Yorker, are dictated solely by the demands of her maternal obsession until she is finally forced to compromise with common sense.

Miss Delmar's characters are, as always, vividly recognizable, their dialogue is suitably monosyllabic, pungently phrased, and the same shrewd perceptiveness which characterized her earlier work is here, but the emotional quality of the novel runs thin and shallow, due mainly to the sterile nature of its protagonist.

THE MIDSHIPMAID. By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.

This would have been an amusing short story. As a novel, it suffers from dilution. Nobody but Wodehouse can write properly about young men named Freddie, and not even Wodehouse could do much with such properties as twins, girls dressed as boys, and amateur theatricals. These events take place on board H.M.S. *Crusader*, anchored off Malta. "The Midshipmaid" has its moments, but it is not another "Pinafore."

Philosophy

HOW WE THINK. By JOHN DEWEY. Heath. 1933.

Since Professor Dewey's manual appeared in 1910, it has served widely and usefully to orient those who in one way or another had to teach the young idea how to shoot correctly. In its present restatement this educational aim remains dominant in space and purpose, from giving the lay of the land—the problems—to instructions for triangulation — training in the handling of the tools, and techniques of the process. The renovation is well carried through and reflects the clarity characteristic of our Nestorian sage. Its appeal to the mind on instruction bent as to how to instruct, remains as timely as ever. The book itself contributed to the reforming movement, which with all its persisting faults has made the atmosphere of schooling more wholesome, more fresh-airy than when the Dewey campaign began.

Latest Books Received

ART

The Craftsman's Handbook of Cennino d'Andrea Cennini. Trans. D. V. Thompson, Jr. Yale Univ. Pr. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

The Far Horizon. H. W. Lanier. Knopf. $2.75 net.

DRAMA

An Introduction to Tudor Drama. F. S. Boas. Oxford. $1.50.

ECONOMICS

Tripoly or Class War? R. Segal. Duffield. $2.

FICTION

Sometime. R. Herrick. Farrar. $2.50. *Count Your Blessings.* R. Davies. Covici-Friede. $2.50. *Daphne Winslow.* E. F. Thomas. Farrar. $2 net. *Seven by Seven.* H. Duffy. Morrow. $2. *One Crazy Cowboy.* C. Ballew. Morrow. $2. *The Secret of Life.* M. H. Ford. San Francisco: Carlisle. *Whistles of Silver.* H. P. Eden. Milwaukee: Bruce Pub. Co. $2. *Marriage in Gotham.* I. Ross. Harp. $2.

FOREIGN

Les Effets de la Guerre en Bulgarie. G. T. Danaillow. Paris: Les Presses Universities (Yale Univ. Pr.).

PAMPHLETS

The Truth About "Buy American." C. K. Alexander, E. M. Fitch, and H. R. Mohat. Madison, Wis.: Research Associates.

POETRY

Verses. E. Daryush. Oxford. $1.75. *The Works of Thomas Purney.* Ed. H. O. White. Oxford: Blackwell. *Songs of Horticulture.* S. Tanhauser. Laurelton, L. I.: Flatow. *Out of Peony and Blade.* A. Scudder. New York: Harrison. $1.50.

To the Editor:—

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

Heil Hitler!

Sir: I cannot understand the attitude of Mr. Canby, American delegate to the International Association, P. E. N., meeting at Ragusa, Dalmatia, where Germany was chastened for its auto da fe of books by authors under the Nazi ban. Whether I agree with the idea back of the fireworks or not, does not affect the question raised. Only such works as in their character are propagandistic, demoralizing, and pathologically depressing were burned. The post-war years were productive of a vast class of literature, particularly in Germany, which in its tendency was unpatriotic, denationalizing, and undermining of moral concepts, all the more infectious because of its glittering brilliancy. It elevated the ideal of internationalism and of alien thought to a height impossible in any other country. This is little understood by those who are not familiar with the peculiarly pliant and receptive mind of the German race.

With the Nazi tendency to use powerful purgatives, a gesture was made toward destroying the morbid spirit of pessimism which had paralyzed the native genius during the disconcerting years of the Versailles Treaty.

Because a work is clever, it does not follow that it is culturally elevating, or harmless. It may be poisonous, and insidiously demoralizing. The burning of objectionable books has never yet destroyed an idea in literature that was worth preserving. Wholesome minds in Germany as elsewhere cannot adjust themselves to the ethical attitude of Feuchtwanger or Thomas Mann, and not because they cannot appreciate their technical values, either. Their works may be of superior literary craftsmanship, but stylistic excellences are, after all, only the skeleton. What of the flesh?

The literary holocaust—however we regard it—spells the end, so far as Germany is concerned, of the Harlequinade of the age of license. It would be a good thing if the symbols of degeneracy in our own literature could be fed to the flames.

FREDERICK FRANKLIN SCHRADER.

New York City.

No Barnacles Here

Sir: The Joan Lowell—"Cradle of the Deep"—controversy has left scars on my keel. I once grounded on the old Endorsement Reef, hard by the Gratuitous Isles where the Free Publicity tribe carry on their cannibalistic customs. No matter what I said, or wrote, it was little, and it had nothing whatever to do with seamanship, or the lore of the sea. The best stories printed in the newspapers are often those containing the most errors. This holds good of sea stories—it's why I like to read them, especially when landlubbers put to sea on paper, in square-rigged ships or steamers. The landlubber who does not know how to "cast" a ship, but takes a page to do it and creates a satisfactory illusion, deserves praise. The earnest fellow who researches the sea and copies down what he learns, establishes himself as a land sailor.

Perhaps this may explain why Melville, Maryatt, and Conrad cannot be sunk by that old pirate Time.

FELIX RIESENBERG.

New York City.

Eagles' Blood Wanted

Sir: Shall I or shall I not publish my proposed magazine *Hard Times Stories*? It will die a natural death unless a transfusion of Eagles' blood is effected. Since its inception the poor thing has received nothing but vituperation and manuscripts, and a handful of subscriptions. The vituperation has been of the most superlative quality, and ditto for some of the manuscripts. On the theory that literature follows history, the manuscripts received for *Hard Times Stories* prove that writers are really recognizing the depression as human interest material, even if the short stories that get published elsewhere do no such thing. As for the financial response, I could offer more evidence of a depression, but hard times will not last and therefore a magazine based upon them will not go. In other words, readers do not pay money for gloom. In other words, like the teller of a hard-luck-story who was thrown out because he broke your heart.

But I still think some capitalist might make use of my copyright to good advantage. As President Roosevelt said prior to his inauguration, "Hard Times bring out the character of a nation." And hard times have become as much of an element to daily life as romantic love. Wherever *True Story* appears on the newsstands, which is everywhere, there *Hard Times Stories* ought to appear. In such an organ, and under such a title, could appear the new experimental proletarian social literature of the future, stories of hard times not necessarily gloomy; and it is a theory of mine and others that because a story is written intelligibly for ordinary literate persons (the proletariat) it does not have to be inartistic.

ROBERT WHITCOMB.

New York City.

F. Hopkinson Smith

Sir: I am preparing a bibliography of Francis Hopkinson Smith and would be greatly obliged if any owners of letters or manuscripts would loan them for careful observation and prompt return at my expense. Owners of F. Hopkinson Smith charcoals or water colors please send description for art check list.

CAROLINE S. LUTZ.

Richmond, Va.

Moulting Season

Sir: I have been greatly impressed by the way in which the many friends of "Birds of Minnesota" have rallied to defend its orthographic fame. You will remember that in reviewing the book I unwarily suggested that the editor had a bad spell when he used the word "juvenal" in designating the plumage of some of the illustrations. What knowledge I have of birds has been acquired in the field and I had roughly classified their plumage as natal, juvenile, and adult. Dr. Roberts, however, has called my attention to the late Dr. Jonathan Dwight's classical treatise entitled "The Sequence of Plumage and Moults of the Passerine Birds of New York."

Unfortunately I had never read that exciting and instructive book. From it I have now learned that the good doctor divides plumage into natal, juvenal, first pre-nuptial, first nuptial, and first post-nuptial, and that "juvenal" is a coined word covering plumage between the natal and the first prenuptial stage.

I maintain, however, that the word, not to be found in the Oxford Dictionary, is badly coined. Why not "juvenoid," a word which could not be considered misspelled by even the most ignorant critic? However, I am free to confess that compared with the post-nuptial ornithological plumage of my friendly critics, my own is indeed juvenal or perhaps even pre-natal.

As for Dr. Oehser's criticism, I still believe that "Birds of Minnesota" is the best bird-book yet published in America, with all respect to Mrs. Bailey and Dr. Forbush.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Bowling Green

Sir: In Mr. Morley's "Bowling Green" he admits that he missed seeing a good many things while in San Francisco. One thing I wish he could have seen. I'll tell you how my wife and I found it, and you may do the same next time. We got on a cable car at the turn table where the conductor and gripman (?) and friends and well-wishers turn the car around. The cable car took us up-hill, westward, until it met and crossed a trolley car track. We took the trolley going northward and got off at the end of the track. Thence we marched eastward until we were opposite the ferry which goes to Sausalito.

On the side of a hill a shelf had been cut and a number of old men were playing at bowls. Yes, I mean bowls. There was a jack, and the balls, or bowls, had one side more convex than the other. We watched them for a little, but not for long. The old men did not seem to like being watched. I had a feeling that they might be the ghosts of John Knox and Sir Francis Drake, anxious to be let alone. Perhaps it was Sir Francis's ghost who, when he had finished his turn at playing, turned and gazed at the mammoth, ambi-terminal, turbined "Golden Seal" (or at her sister, "Golden Bear"). Perhaps he was thinking that neither of these fine ferries were any great shakes when compared with his old ship, "Golden Hind."

Next time Mr. Morley should see this San Francisco "Bowling Green."

JOHN J. LIPSEY.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

NORTH CAROLINA

Ben E. Atkins reports from Gastonia, of "strike" fame:—

Paul Green's new novel, "The Laughing Pioneer," has stirred the populace of this industrial region from its semi-lethargic indifference to modern fiction. When a local boy makes good, they prick up their ears. Of course, Paul wrote his name in the hearts of his fellow North Carolinians with his Pulitzer prize play, "In Abraham's Bosom," but the publication of his first novel has evoked still wider attention and praise in his native state. Paul laid the foundation for his literary reputation at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he coached *The Carolina Playmakers* into a national reputation as masters in the art of amateur dramatics.

"The Laughing Pioneer" has recently been the most widely read book hereabouts.

The name *Charles Willing Beale* may mean little to readers of modern fiction, but his death some time ago at his Arden Park home near Asheville, N. C., recalled earlier days when, at the height of his productive powers, he turned out a number of books which ran into heavy sales. "The Ghost of Guir House" was perhaps Mr. Beale's best known novel, a richly told mystery tale of splendid characterization and delicate shading. It was published some twenty or twenty-five years ago, and received wide recognition. The first Beale novel was "The Secret of the Earth," a highly imaginative story of the *Jules Verne* type, and others included "Miss Jacque of Tibet" and "The Onyx Ear."

Mr. Beale was the author of numberless short stories, literary articles, and other brief writings which brought him national recognition. He was a devout student of nature and an art critic of recognized ability. Born at "Bloomingdale," the ancestral home near Washington, Mr. Beale made the perilous trip into the wilds of Western North Carolina as a mere lad some sixty-five years ago. He was galled by the slow progress of the stage coach as it labored its way up the rocky sides of the mountainous country surrounding Asheville, so he crawled off the conveyance and pushed ahead on foot. He beat the stage to his destination by several hours. In 1872, after many exciting experiences as a youthful pioneer in the North Carolina hills, Beale was married to *Miss Maria Parker Taylor*, who died several years ago. The Beale home at Arden Park was well known for its year-round hospitality . . . and especially for its colorful Christmas parties, which became famous throughout this section of the South.

OHIO

From Elyria, Ohio, *Katharine G. Thomas* reports:—

There was held recently at the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church in Cleveland a city-wide recognition service to honor *Linda A. Eastman*, who for forty years has served the Cleveland Public Library, for the last fifteen years as its head librarian. Miss Eastman is the only woman in this country who is directing a large city library. She has established a system that is one of the best in the world. By her ability to surround herself with assistants who know their subjects, the Cleveland Public Library is one of the outstanding libraries in this country.

Miss Eastman spoke on "Books for These Times": "In hard times people invariably turn to books, for solace and for practical help, as well as for their entertainment.

"Many of the unemployed, old and young, are turning to library books and periodical files for ideas as to possible new jobs. With countless hours of enforced leisure, with little to spend for recreation, the free treasure houses of our books are more important than ever in our city's life."

WASHINGTON

Edwin Root is a New Havener, but he reports from Seattle, Washington, at the other end of the continent. If he is as good a stay-at-home reporter as he is a roving journalist, we wish he would investigate bookish aspects of Connecticut for us. How is *Arthur Head* making out in these trying times, for example? Is there any good gossip of Westport, Old Lyme, or the various farming *literati* of the Litchfield hills? However, this is far away from Seattle, of which Mr. Root has this to say:

An easterner visiting the West, accustomed to large bookstores like *Brentano's*, need never feel at a loss. For in the center of busy Seattle, one can find a little Brentano's. In this shop exists a cultivated atmosphere and an intellectual grouping that one rarely finds in any book shop. *Harry Hartman*, the proprietor, is unique in himself. He has had trouble with his eyes since boyhood and is now totally blind, but his light fingered caressing touch leads unerringly to any book on his shelves which the interested customer may wish to discuss. And it is not simply a matter of purchase and sale with him. He is eager to talk over intelligently and critically your chosen book with you, for Harry Hartman's shop is a chatting place as well as a purchasing place, guarantees to please even so exacting a browser as *Hendrik Willem Van Loon*. Possibly Mr. Hartman would like more buying and less chatting, but he never varies in his courtesy. He has taken pains to group about him employees who know books. And with their intelligent aid he issues each month, a little booklet, "The Lantern." This pamphlet brings comments and reviews of recent books, to the book loving public, and is unique in its contents.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CRIES IN THE NIGHT *J. H. Wallis* (Dutton: $2.)	Beautiful girl taken from boat in Sound by pirates, starts probe of similar pulchritudinous disappearances with ghastly results.	Mysteries based on crazy and cooked-up abnormalities drive your Wash-up to angry tears, especially when so long drawn out.	Dreary
INSPECTOR RUSBY'S FINALE *Virgil Markham* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Horse on Force turns into nightmare of murder and insanity, driving Inspector Rusby first to resignation and later to matrimony.	Noisy house party disappears over night, leaving one corpse and one detective in English mansion and sets stage for amazing yarn.	Good puzzle
PROVE IT, MR. TOLEFREE *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Bereaved niece doubts suicide of uncle and calls Mr. Tolefree from London to unearth pretty kettle of fish.	Smashing of unsmashable alibi involves considerable amount of shooting—all at Mr. Tolefree—and gallery of lively characters.	Good
HE ARRIVED AT DUSK *R. C. Ashby* (Macmillan: $2.)	Murderous ghost of Roman legionary terrorizes Northumberland village and baffles Scotland Yard skeptics.	Well nigh perfect admixture of eerie horror, romance, and good detecting. The writing is excellent and the scenery grand.	A 1

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal service to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean: blueberry pie, new peas, lobster; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Port Henry, New York. Individual private camps, unequalled for scenery and location. All conveniences. Photographs. G. W. Woodall.

ITALIAN translations and lessons, young American woman two years in Italy, Ph.D. University Bologna. Box 185.

CORRESPONDENCE with a woman, 35 or older, would be appreciated by a YOUNG MAN.

THIS IS too good to keep. One of my real friends is an eminent Churchman. Replying to my comment that college profs working in Eng. Lit. ignored the truth about "Shakespeare," he wrote: "You surely know that God in His Wisdom created three divisions: Man, Woman, and profs. of Eng. Lit." George Frisbee.

WE HAVE a lot of old back numbers of the *Saturday Review*—maybe just the one your file needs—we give them away as souvenirs to browsers in our Backyard Bookstalls—a pleasant loitering place for quodlibetarians. Are you on mailing list for our Dog Star Evenings? GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 W. 47, N. Y. C.

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P. B. Many happy returns. Sailing soon for Kashmir. Y. J.

WOMAN, not young, but alert, amiable, interested in travel, and reading, desires correspondence with cultured gentleman, preferably naval officer. Californian.

IS THERE in New York a young girl who combines beauty with brains without sacrificing either and whose ideas of life are based on present day conditions and not on Victorian or even boom time standards? If such a person exists a young man of thirty-one, personable, intelligent, traveled, with enough money to at least be able to pay for the dinner, and a real ability to make the small things in life amusing, wants to meet her. Box 186.

EDITORIAL job wanted: Creative-minded woman, good background, good experience for small managing editorship. Planning, make-up. Effective writer. Box 187.

YOUNG, attractive, teacher-librarian, willing to work for a gentleman, lady, or children. Congenial and reasonable. Box 188.

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LIBRARIAN, man. BS in LS. 10 years experience. Wants change of position. Box 190.

YOUNG WOMAN, 27, personable, college graduate, literary and artistic tastes, travelled America and Europe, no encumbrances, desires summer occupation, any locality. Box 191.

YOUTHFUL Prof of forty, in New York July 8-28, tired of formalities but unimpressed by night clubs and gin parties, desires to know companionable younger woman intelligent and teasable. Incog.

WHAT HOPE is there for one unattached girl to earn her livelihood in the country and become neither minion nor slavey? Amanuensis? Shepherdess? Literary collaborator? Lodge keeper? Goose girl? Rima.

VISIT "BOOK CENTER" Hotel Duane, New York, and get complimentary club card. Barbara Frost, Secretary.

TWO BOYS, intelligent, high school graduates, would like jobs, any kind, to keep them out of mischief. Box 193.

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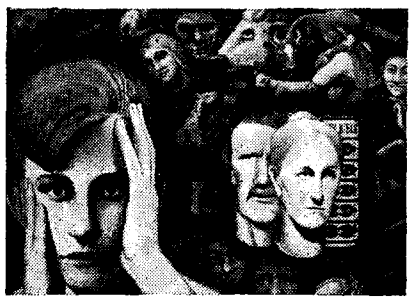
By VARDIS FISHER



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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Examining stars and entrails, Poor Old Quercus concludes he is working too hard. July is always his month of dolce far siesta. He looks up his *Evangeline Adams Guide for* 1933 (Dodd, Mead) and finds "The indications definitely point to a concentration of interest in our foreign affairs during July, but the position of Venus is favorable for successful negotiations. . . . The 15th of July marks an important and disturbing time, since the Sun will be in conjunction with the recently discovered planet Pluto." Miss Adams added that this month Mercury and Venus are propitious for writers of romantic fiction. ☞But consecutive old Quercus is the solemn drudge of Fact. ☞This week the two Querci carried their portmanteau of publishers' notes to the old Café Royal at 2nd Avenue and 12th Street. There's been a lot of halloo about an uptown hotel starting outdoor pavement-eating, but the Café Royal has been doing it for twenty years. The Royal was founded by the late Oscar Szathmary from Prague, and is the favored resort of Bohemians, Czechs, Hungarians, and the devotees of the Yiddish Art Theatre. ☞Young Quercus was distracted from his publicity notes by the dark Danubian Guineveres who ornament the place. Sunset diagonals of light catch the beer-goblets on the *terrasse*. ☞Another old-time resort which Q. Senior made Q. Junior admire is O. Henry's hangout, Allaire's (Scheffel Hall) at 3rd Avenue and 17th Street. There's not much of it left after the lean years, but the little basement is still genially Teuton. What used to be the big dining-hall is now the carpenter shop of the Fort Greene Butcher Fixture Co., but you can still see some of the old panelling, the ledge where the big steins stood, and the carved helmets and visors which suggested O. Henry's *Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss*.

☞Quercus is not reading so many books, he's moseying round the town. ☞For years he has intended to visit the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway and 155th Street, to see what happens there. ☞He has a horrid fear that it's too far uptown to be really useful to literature. ☞Frustrated Old Quercus wanted to hear King George on the air when the Economic Conference opened, but his radio is crocked, so again he missed the chance to hear King's English. ☞Quercus himself, raised at Elsinore in Denmark, has struggled for years to abolish his tincture of Viking accent. ☞His favorite study at this season is maps. Bartholomew's Handy Reference Atlas (imported by Charles E. Lauriat Co., Boston) is grand for British parts of the earth, but less explicit elsewhere. ☞It always gives old Quercus a grin to see cartographer Bartholomew listing Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, among "Northeastern States." ☞Quercus can't remember geography unless he makes rhymes about it—*e. g.*,

The island of Yap
Belongs to the Jap,
But the island of Guam
Is for Uncle Sam.

☞Poor Quercus got some gentle amusement out of *My American Friends* by L. P. Jacks—published by Macmillan, apparently photoed from English plates, which must account for the queer misspellings—L. P. Jacks makes a lot of good cracks (another poem), but those American Friends will feel better when his publisher corrects "Passadena," President "Munroe," and Edna "Farber." ☞William E. Rudge's Sons, 109 South 5th St., Brooklyn, are worthily following in the imprints of their father, the fine craftsman of type. They've done a handsome job in printing two very interesting autobiographical letters of John Galsworthy's for the English Book Shop (New York City). Old Quercus wishes good cheer to these admirable young printers.

☞Having received a phonograph record among his review copies, Quercus conscientiously hunted up a Victrola to play it on. It turned out to be a recitation, with music, of one of the anecdotes from *Without Music* by Dwight Fiske, published by Chatham House. The record is better than the book, but Quercus is still wondering why Robert Benchley and Frank Sullivan say they think it's funny. ☞At the other end of the publishing business, the Columbia University Press have produced (less recently) three records of Vachel Lindsay reading his own poems, excellent in themselves, and produced on what seems to be a papier-maché composition, through which a hole may be bored off center with entertaining results.

☞From the foregoing it will be seen that those books not susceptible to review in a literary journal—phonograph records, for instance—are apt to find their way into Quercus's long-suffering hands. Such an item is *The World's Greatest* 99 *Days*, or 99 Days for 99 cents, by Ben Duffy and Harford Powel, released by Harpers on June 23—and by Gimbel's some two weeks previously, with a few of Kenneth Collins's best advertising efforts to help it along. Reproducing newspaper headlines from February 14 to May 23, the book seems to Quercus too timely to be interesting. Nothing is more fascinating than a newspaper anywhere from ten to fifty years old, but yesterday's paper is just yesterday's paper.

☞The National Association of Book Publishers recently distributed to authors a statistical tale of woe, in the form of a small folder entitled "The Author and His Library Market." While demand for library service was increasing by 40%, runs the report, the expenditures for books by libraries in 82 cities has decreased by 34½% since last year. ☞In the same mail Quercus received a letter from the H. W. Wilson Company, publishers of professional and reference books for libraries, stating that, according to best estimates, "current book purchases are 20% to 25% below peak figures." The Quercus Associates, whose efforts in statistics are known to our readers, await the solution of an apparent discrepancy.

☞Ange Fagnano, in charge of the warehouse of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshops, writes charming verse in his spare time; we enjoy this one specially:—

STRIFE
"Who are you?"
Said the stocking
To the shoe.
Said the shoe
To the stocking,
"How terribly shocking
For such as you
To say to a shoe:
'Who are you?'"

ANGE FAGNANO.

* *

☞Quercus reports with pleasure that the first, or collector's, edition of the Application for Author's License recently printed in these columns is exhausted. It is appropriate to notice the report printed in a New York morning newspaper after the booksellers' convention: "At the dinner an 'application for author's license' was distributed. Authors were asked to tell how many times they had written the same book under different titles, whether they had been involved in any dispute with licensed literary critics, and 'how many booksellers have been stuck with your last work?'" This department appreciates the advertisement, and promises to mention the name of the New York morning newspaper in these influential columns as soon as the New York morning newspaper tells who distributed the application.

☞Querci, Senior and Junior, extend congratulations to Eugène Reynal, astute developer of non-fiction reprints, Pop-Ups, and Mickey Mouse in book form, on his acquisition of the controlling interest in Blue Ribbon Books. Gene has managed this successful and venturesome enterprise since its inception in 1930.

☞Old *Wanderlustig* Quercus is cheered by a bright piece of news from Foreign Parts. Our Promotion Department having mailed to the trade a reprint of that unique mystery chart which appears weekly in these columns, we received the following comments from Mitsukoshi, Ltd., of Tokyo: "We thank you very much for your letter dated April 6 last, telling that you started a new department, The Criminal Record for reviewing detective and mystery fiction. We believe it will be very much helpful to the readers of such fiction, and from our own point as a bookseller, we wish to have such a review only, if possible, for it will help us to import books from your side."

☞As most readers of book reviews no doubt realize, best-seller lists are usually compiled from the reports of booksellers, and printed as news by the papers. *The Chicago News* seems to have another idea behind its weekly list of "Publishers' Best Sellers," in which publishers "report titles listed as *their* best-sellers for the past month." Quercus is requested by the firm of Henry, Longwell and Another to inquire whether their book, *Notes on Bermuda*—their current best-seller because it is their only current publication—is eligible for inclusion. And if so, how much would the listing cost?

Robert Herrick

Author of The End of Desire, etc.

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Sometime

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